The Outlook

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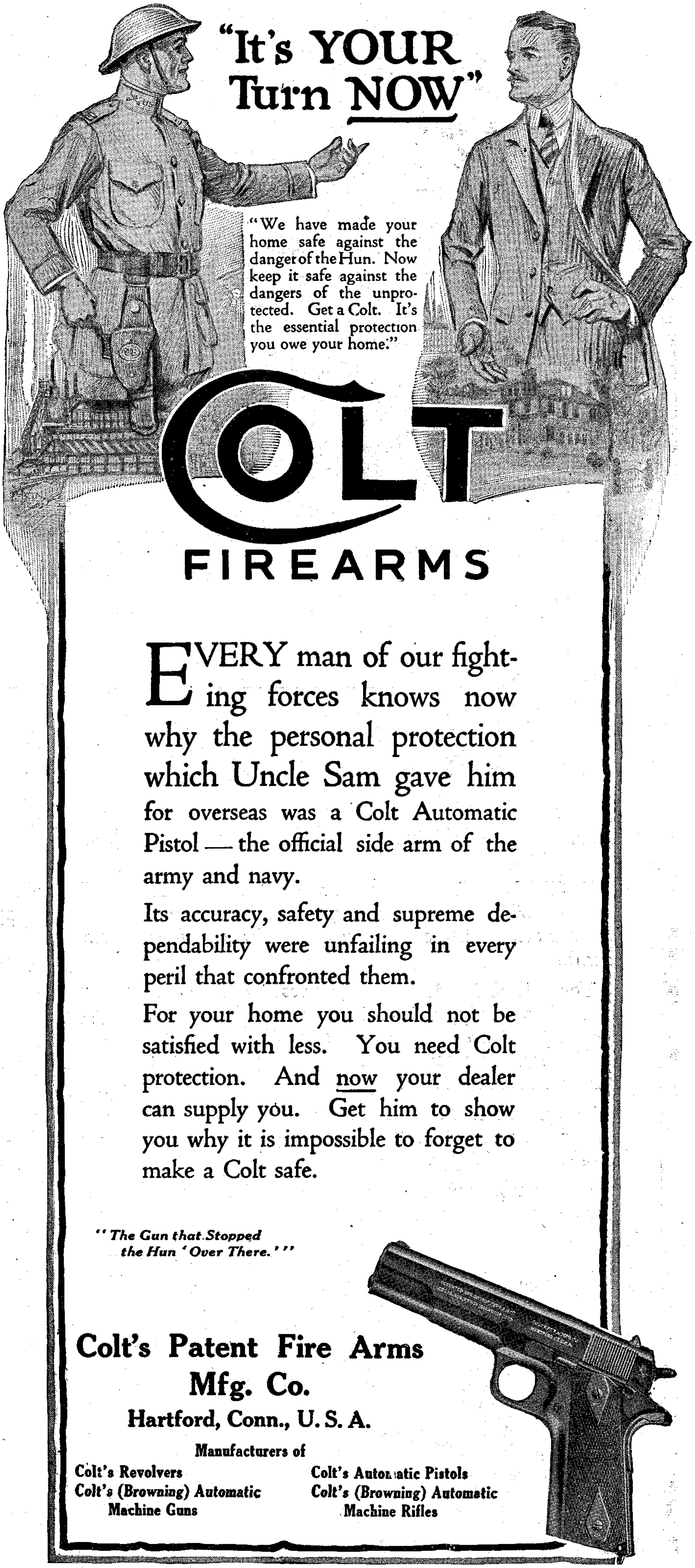
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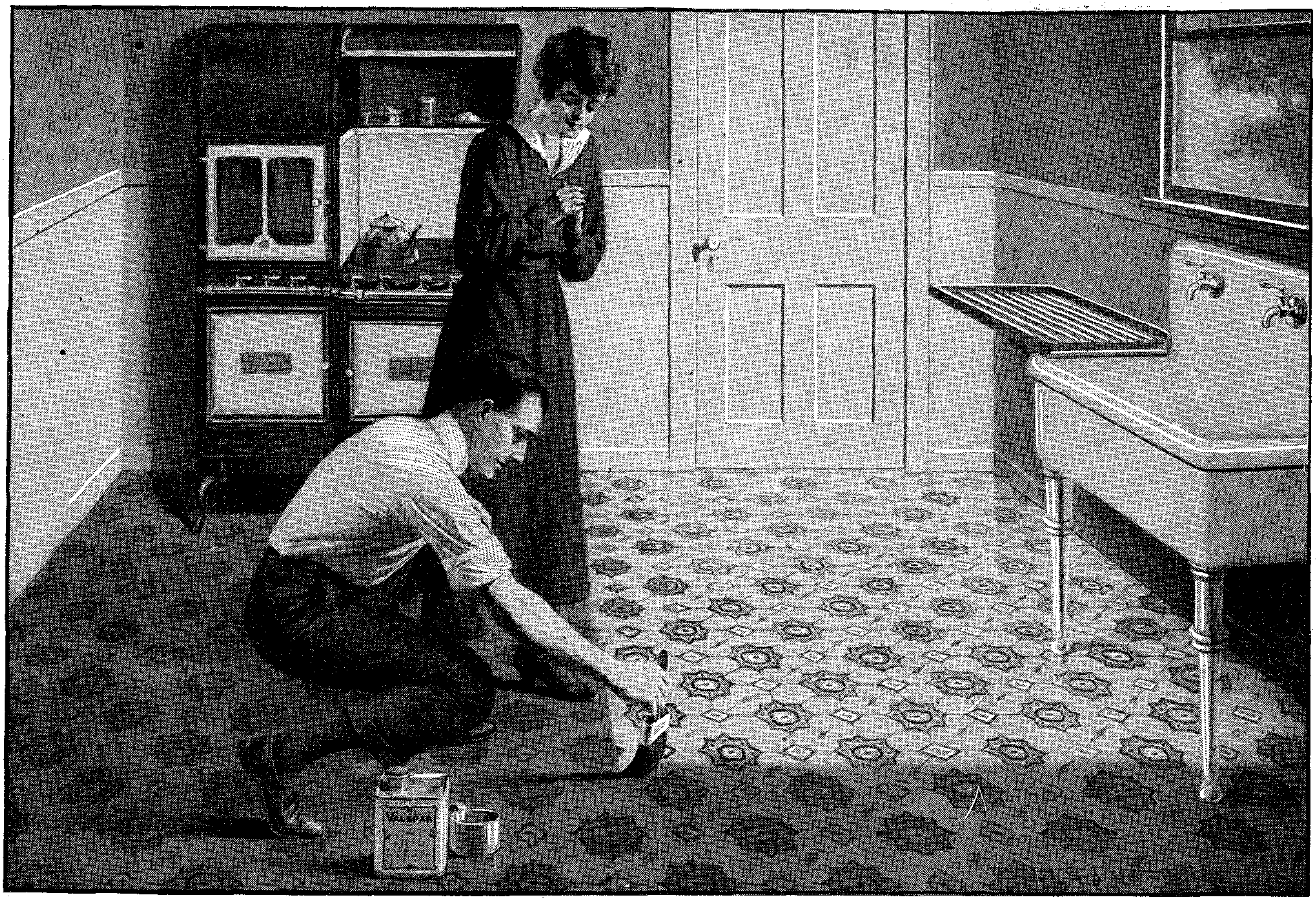

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The Outlook

JUNE 11, 1919

AUSTRIA BEFORE THE JUDGES

FEW events in history have the dramatic significance of the scene at St. Germain, France, on Monday of last week. True to the canons of all great tragedy, there were in that scene elements of comedy. It was as if some great playwright had conceived and written a drama into which he introduced elements of farce to heighten the tragic effect.

The actors in this scene were delegates from many nations. The central figures were Austrians, though no less conspicuous was the short gray man who is called by his countrymen Father Victory—Clemenceau, the embodiment of the indomitable spirit of France.

The Austrian delegates came as representatives of one of the little nations. When the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Karl Renner, stood in that assembly, he spoke on behalf of some seven million people and addressed the representatives of several hundred million; and among the people to whose mercy he appealed were the Serbians.

Thus began the last act of the play on which the curtain first rose five years ago this month. Then the name Austria was commonly used to designate one of the most powerful and most arrogant empires in the world. It was Austria that found in the murder of the heir to her throne a pretext to crush her small neighbor Serbia; and, as if to increase the terror which her aggression had produced, she brought to bear upon those who would oppose her the military might of her powerful neighbor, the German Empire. Like many another criminal, she was the dupe of her own intrigue. Of course it was not Austria, but what is known as the Austro-Hungarian Empire, that was the instrument in precipitating the war; now there are but two fragments of that Empire left, the two nations that together held the rest in subjection—Austria and Hungary—and it was Austria that stood last week before her judges at St. Germain.

And yet there is something in Austria that saves her from the opprobrium and contempt directed against Germany. There is an element of suavity, of humaneness, which has always distinguished the Austrians from their northern German cousins, and has made them, even when arrogant and intriguing, likable. Austria has played the part of bandit more than once, but she has not been a thug, like Prussia.

The very manner in which the Austrians appeared before the other delegates at St. Germain was characteristically in contrast to the way in which the Prussians and their heelers from the other German states appeared at Versailles. Both the Germans and the Austrians were received by their captors standing; and when they were addressed the presiding officer of the Conference, the spokesman, stood. It was characteristic of the Germans that when Count Brockdorff-Rantzau replied he remained seated, while the Austrian spokesman, Dr. Renner, stood as Monsieur Clemenceau had done. A little thing, but a sure indicator of the difference between the German and the Austrian.

The comedy elements were supplied by a photographer who fell from his stand, shattering the glass in one of the museum cases, and by the translator, who made some forgivable slips which created amusement and relieved the tension.

THE AUSTRIAN TERMS AND THE RHINELAND

In many respects the terms which the Allied and Associated Powers presented to Austria were virtually identical with those presented to Germany. For instance, the article of those terms embodying the Covenant of the League of Nations is unchanged, and such clauses as those which refer to territories outside Europe, to penalties for the violation of the laws and customs of war, etc., and to freedom of transit are the same in the Austrian as in the German treaty except for such obvious modifications as change in name and in certain particulars that clearly apply to only one of the nations. By this treaty Austria is reduced to what may well be considered her lowest terms. Territorially she is now one of the smallest of the countries in southern Europe. She ceases to have any seacoast, and becomes, like Switzerland and Czecho-slovakia, a purely inland state. What will become of Vienna, which has been one of the centers of European civilization, is a question to which there is no answer that is very hopeful.

According to the terms of the German treaty Austria will not be permitted to unite with the German Empire except by consent of the League of Nations. As we understand it, that means that such a union would have to have the unanimous approval of the Council, in which France will be represented. It is most improbable that France will ever consent to the union of Austria with the other German states. If this provision is retained and observed, the world will be saved from one of the perils which at times seem very near and which not even the defeat of Germany removed. There has been the chance that a sentimentalism disguised as liberalism, combined with the natural desire to collect all possible damages from Germany, might induce the Powers to permit Germany to come out of the war strengthened by the addition of Austria. It seems as if it were obvious that the interest of Europe lay not in strengthening but in reducing the power which the Germans have so persistently misused. Fortunately, the union of Austria with Germany seems to be prevented.

And now comes news that may indicate dissolution within the German Empire. Last week there was proclaimed the establishment of the autonomous Rhenish Republic, composed of the Rhenish Province, Old Nassau, Rhenish Hesse, and the Palatinate, with its capital at Coblenz. It is announced that this new state is "founded in the bosom of Germany." Whether it will remain in the bosom of Germany, whether it will continue at all, it is a sign of the natural tendencies of the German people. The Rhenish Republic is anti-Prussian. There is reason to believe that if artificial pressure from outside were removed, and if the nations of the world decided to deal with Bavaria, for example, directly rather than through her mistress Prussia, Bavaria would welcome the release. It is said that the disintegration of Germany into its component parts would be a catastrophe for Europe and for the rest of the world; but that argument rests upon the assumption that the rest of the world wants from Germany chiefly, if not only, indemnity and reparation. Really what the world needs from Germany is a new spirit. It wants a revival of the spirit that had a chance for expression before the repressive and stifling power of Prussia was exerted to bind these German states into an aggressive and materialistic empire. If the Rhenish Republic is a sign of disintegration, the civilized peoples of the world can very well reconcile themselves to the prospect.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTIONISTS

Armed resistance to Carranza continues in both the northern and southern parts of Mexico, led by Felix Diaz in the south and by Villa in the north. Villa is said to be at the head of some thirteen thousand men in the State of Chihuahua, and may move against the towns of Torreon, Chihuahua, and Juarez, or any one of them. Despatches, as we write, say that an attack on Chihuahua is imminent.

Comparative political respectability has been lent to the Villa bandits by the leadership of General Felipo Angeles, whom Villa has proclaimed Provisional President. Angeles has been considered a man of ability and moderation. He has issued a document denouncing the present Constitution and promising to maintain law and order and to protect foreigners in their rights.

That protection is needed is shown by such an incident as that lately reported by an American engineer, Mr. F. B. Harding, whose mine was attacked by Villa bandits. He was beaten and abused and forced to march barefoot for over two hundred miles before he could reach a safe refuge.

Our Government will certainly not recognize Angeles in any way. Nor will it aid Carranza; indeed, it has just refused to allow Carranza to move troops through Texas in order to get at Villa, on the ground that if this were done the removal of the troops would leave our border towns exposed to attack from bandits in what is now Carranza territory.

Three years of Carranza's rule have not made Mexico safe for foreigners nor removed the constant threat of danger for American towns. As the election of a new President comes nearer, the prospect of quietude and peace is far from satisfactory.

CLASS WARFARE BY BOMB

In a handbill or circular found in the vicinity of three of the atrocious bomb explosions of last week the declaration is made that "Class war is on. . . . The proletariat has the . . . right to protect itself. Since their press has been suffocated, their mouths muzzled, we mean to speak for them, the voice of dynamite, through the mouth of guns." If this handbill, entitled "Plain Words," was the platform of the assassins who wrecked, or tried to wreck, homes in eight cities within twenty-four hours, their murderous acts indicate a concerted plot to make war upon the guardians of law and order. That these attacks in eight cities, reported on June 3, should have taken place simultaneously by mere chance would be a coincidence altogether unbelievable.

It is the positive and all-important duty of Federal, State, and municipal authorities, therefore, to search for the roots of the conspiracy; to find out, not merely what hands executed these crimes, but what leaders taught followers that, to quote the leaflet again, "We will kill, because it is necessary," and that the dynamiting of innocent people is righteous class warfare.

There is a similarity between these bomb outrages and those which were attempted by mail several weeks ago. In both cases the men whose lives were attacked have incurred the hatred of Anarchists because of judicial or other public acts alleged by the Anarchists to have been injurious to the proletariat. As a matter of fact, what Attorney-General Palmer and Judge Charles C. Nott, for instance, stand for is public order, fair dealing, and the lawful suppression and prevention of crime.

It is too close to the commission of these crimes as we write to know completely all the facts. The reports indicate that one man, probably a watchman, was killed outside of Judge Nott's house in East Sixty-first Street, New York, while in front of Attorney-General Palmer's house in Washington a man was blown to pieces who is supposed to be the dynamiter who planted the bomb. It is astonishing, in view of the terrible explosive power of the bombs (or perhaps sticks of dynamite) used, that the fatalities were so few. In addition to these two crimes there came almost simultaneously reports of the dynamiting of several residences in Pittsburgh, including that of Judge W. H. S. Thompson, of the United States District Court, while similar attacks were made on the home of Mayor H. L. Davis, of Cleveland; of Judge A. E. Hayden, of Boston; of Max Gold, a silk manufacturer of Paterson, New Jersey; and on one or two buildings in Philadelphia.

It is probably useless to call attention to the fact that such outrages as these indicate loose methods of selling explosives. That has been done over and over again, but it seems to be the easiest thing in the world for an Anarchist to buy dynamite. No doubt all the resources of the Government will be employed to trace out the perpetrators of these dastardly crimes. Whether these efforts succeed or not, there must be at least equal effort to prevent the teaching of murder and the promulgation of the insane dogma that the way to liberty lies through class war.

FROM ROCKAWAY TO PLYMOUTH

When the American seaplane the NC-4 smoothly dropped to the water of Plymouth Sound on May 31, she completed a memorable journey, and one marking an epoch in the history of the conquest of the air. Under Lieutenant-Commander Read's direction, and as part of a planned and carefully thought out undertaking by our Navy, the NC-4 had traveled in all from Rockaway to Plymouth a distance of 3,925 nautical miles, or over 4,500 geographical miles. The actual flying time for the whole distance (adding together, of course, the different times made in the different stages) was a little over fifty-seven hours, and the average speed was a little over sixty-eight nautical miles an hour. It is interesting to note also, as bearing on future transatlantic flights, that the distance from Newfoundland to Portugal, which might be called the transatlantic flight proper, was 2,150 nautical miles, and that the average speed for this main part of the voyage was a little over eighty nautical miles an hour.

The welcome accorded the NC-4 when she thus reached England was cordial and enthusiastic. Both the naval authorities and the people of Great Britain received the American aviators with every token of appreciation and with hearty praise for the first accomplishing of the Atlantic passage by air. The English press was united in recognizing the importance of the American success and in regretting, but without carping or belittling, that English aviators had not scored the victory.

Among the first to welcome the Americans when they reached London was Harry Hawker, the bold airman who so narrowly escaped death in his attempt to cross the Atlantic under power of a single engine. No one can doubt his sincere recognition of the great feat accomplished by the Americans. He was evidently anxious also to show that he had been misunderstood, or possibly misreported, in his comments at a luncheon given in his honor in London. By a reporter he was interpreted as discounting the American transatlantic flight by saying, "If you put a ship every fifty miles, it shows you have no fight in your motor." Mr. Hawker has since declared that in saying this he did not have in mind any criticism of the American Navy's arrangements. What he meant to convey evidently was the idea that he did not sympathize with the criticism that had been directed against the British Government for failing to place a line of steamship sentinels along his line of flight, as the American Navy had done for the American naval seaplanes; for if he had consented to such an arrangement it would have indicated that he did not have the faith in his motor that he professed. The difference in the nature of the two attempts accounts for the difference in the arrangements. The American attempt was official. The men who piloted the machines were under orders; the men who made the arrangements were responsible for providing for every practicable safeguard for the lives of the flight officers and their crews. The attempt by Mr. Hawker and Lieutenant Grieve was a private venture, in which the men who made the arrangements took the risks themselves. The American fliers could not have refused the ship sentinels even had they chosen to do so. It need not be pointed out that the American Navy was not engaged in a competitive adventure, but was seriously performing a naval duty which had in view, not merely the crossing of the ocean, but the gaining of scientific knowledge to be of avail in the development and expansion of the art of aviation, and in particular the capability and management of seaplanes.

ROBERT BACON

Financier, diplomat, soldier, and patriot, Robert Bacon, who died on May 29, was a man of the finest American type. General Pershing, on whose staff Lieutenant-Colonel Bacon served in France, has said that through his death "the country loses a great soul and his friends an intimate and loyal companion." His actual war service was recognized by the Distinguished Service Medal and the French Croix de Guerre. But probably of even greater value than his military activity was the influence he exercised before America entered the war in urging preparation and military training and in advocating a bold and firm stand against German aggression. As President of the National Security League and in connection with the Army League and Navy League he was foremost in leading the way toward the assertion of the country's dignity and valor.

Few men have been so fully successful and useful in varied fields of public work. He was an overseer and a fellow at Harvard, where he was graduated in the class with Theodore Roosevelt, whose friendship for him continued strong and fine for thirty-eight years thereafter. As a banker and financier he took part in many great economic undertakings, such as the organization of the United States Steel Corporation. As diplomat his career culminated when President Taft in 1909 sent him as Ambassador to France after he had been Assistant Secretary of State and, for a brief time, Secretary of State. Always he was a force in whatever field he worked, a courteous and considerate gentleman in manner, vigorous and persistent in action, invariably clear-headed and unfaltering in his devotion to the interests of his country.

A VILLAIN UNHANGED

It is ardently to be hoped that the recent despatch reporting the capture of Enver Pasha in some remote corner of Trans-Caucasia is true. With the exception of his accomplice Talaat Pasha, no greater scoundrel ever lived unhanged. He was the real head of the Turkish government which, with unconscious irony, called itself for a time the Committee of Union and Progress. The control was in the hands of Enver, Talaat, and Djimal. Together they were responsible for the massacre of perhaps a million Armenians, Syrians, and Greeks. Enver was the brains of the crime; the others were the brutal directors of its execution. The three wholesale murderers have been denounced by the present Sultan and he has hanged one of their accomplices. If Enver is not tried and executed by the now cringing Turkish Government, he should be dealt with by the Allies. Mr. Morgenthau describes Enver thus: "His nature had a remorselessness, a lack of pity, a cold-blooded determination, of which his clean-cut, handsome face, his small but sturdy figure, and his pleasing manners gave no indication."

Enver and his accomplices betrayed their country into the hands of the Germans. Enver, in particular, simply drove the Turks to war without authority to act for them. When defeat and disgrace came, Enver and Talaat fled, after first robbing the treasury of many millions of dollars. They were mean scoundrels as well as murderers on a colossal scale.

ALL QUIET ON THE QUINNIPIAC

What might have been a serious riot was averted in New Haven the other day by good municipal management, by equally sensible conduct on the part of the Yale Faculty, and by the moral restraint of most citizens and students. When we read in the headlines that troops had been called out to curb riots, that insults had been offered by students to soldiers, that "collegians challenge soldiers just back from France to battle," we knew that there were mistake and misrepresentation afloat.

So it proved. Yale sent eight thousand men to the war. She had men in the parade of the 102d Regiment, the parade of which had led to the misunderstanding. Yale is loyal and patriotic. She is also enthusiastic—and some of her enthusiasm was mistaken by an equally patriotic but thick-headed mob element for insult. Interchange of greetings between friends in the ranks and on the campus became noisy; "joshing" may have been taken for jeering; the undergraduate sense of humor is peculiar, and a street mob has no sense of humor. Evil and bad-tempered reports stirred up excitement and ill will. Perhaps a little of ancient "town and gown" feud spirit exists. For a time things looked badly, but the closing up of the college gates, a little cold water from fire hose, a season of reasonable explanation, and the little war was over.

The moral seems to be: Don't fight until you know what you are fighting about; and don't be foolish enough to believe rumors without evidence—even if they get into sensational newspapers.

A RECONSTRUCTION SUMMER AT SMITH COLLEGE

The Smith College Training School for Social Work is a graduate professional school, offering work that falls into three divisions: a summer session of eight weeks of theoretical instruction combined with clinical observation; a training period of nine months' practical instruction carried on in co-operation with hospitals and settlements; and a concluding summer session of eight weeks of advanced study.

Last year The Outlook reported the plan for training in the rehabilitation of sufferers from shell shock which Smith College adopted at the request of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. It consisted of an intensive course in psychiatric social work, and its success may be judged by the fact that every one of the forty-six graduates has immediately upon her graduation secured a position in her chosen field. But Smith College is going to do more this year than repeat this course. The urgency of many other lines of social work has suddenly become so strong that a general demand has been created for trained workers in certain special fields.

In addition to psychiatric social work, there are courses in medical social work, community service, and child welfare work. After two months of study, students in all but the latter course, which is completed in one summer session, will go to various hospitals, clinics, settlements, and social agencies in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore for nine months' supervised field work, to be followed by a second summer session in Northampton. The emphasis on psychology and on the scientific approach to social problems is a distinctive feature of the new school. Its founders believe also that discussion is a better medium than lectures for dealing with vital social issues.

This year Dr. E. E. Southard and Dr. Walter E. Fernald will again act on the advisory committee for the psychiatric course, and Miss Mary C. Jarrett will direct the course and act as associate to the Director, Dr. F. Stuart Chapin, of Smith College. Dr. Richard C. Cabot will be chairman; Miss Ida M. Cannon a member of the advisory committee; and Miss Anne P. Hincks and Mrs. Ada E. Sheffield will serve on the committee for child welfare. Miss Grace T. Wills, associate director of Lincoln House, will supervise the course in community service. With them are associated Dr.

Catherine Brannick, of the South Framingham Reformatory, Dr. Edith R. Spaulding, late psychopathic director of Bedford Reformatory, Miss M. Antoinette Cannon, chief of social service at the University Hospital of Philadelphia, and Miss Carrie A. Gauthier, of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Altogether the school offers exceptional opportunities to college graduates and women of equivalent preparation, to whom full courses are open, and to social workers and teachers who may under certain conditions be admitted to the summer sessions.

AN EDUCATIONAL TOUR OF OUR NATIONAL FORESTS AND PARKS

The Massachusetts Forestry Association will repeat this year its effort in 1917 to make known to Eastern people the public parks and forests of the West. From its first excursion of this kind the Association's guests came back with enlarged ideas and pleasant memories of a notable tour. The work is strictly of an educational character, the Forestry Association making no profit whatever on the expedition.

To those who have never seen the Great West the tour offers the most alluring kind of a vacation. Starting from Boston on June 26, the trip will include a visit to Estes Park, in Colorado, after a halt at Denver—or, as an alternative, a journey by automobile through the heart of the Pike National Forest to the summit of Pike's Peak; then a week in the Yellowstone National Park—the first of our great public parks to be opened—which will be traversed by the new automobile service that has taken the place of the old-fashioned stages; this is to be followed by a week in one of the most recently opened of our public recreation grounds, Glacier National Park, in Montana, in which is to be found probably the wildest scenery of any of our parks, and in which the use of the saddle-horse is still an agreeable necessity in climbing the mountain trails; then comes a visit to Seattle, Puget Sound, and Rainier National Park and Forest—a trip that, if the season chances to be backward, may require the giving up of automobiles and the use of sledges for a part of the distance; a glimpse of Portland and of the Columbia River Highway follows; two days are then to be spent in seeing Crater Lake National Park and Forest, with a view of the logging operations at Klamath Lake. San Francisco, the next point on the itinerary, is seen *en route* to the Yosemite National Park and the Sierra National Forest, this section of the tour also including a visit to the giant sequoias of Mariposa Grove. Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, Mount Roubidoux—the names suggest delightful memories to those who know these places, and delightful anticipations to those who are to see them for the first time on this tour.

This comprehensive trip will conclude with a visit to the Grand Canyon National Park, which became such (instead of a National Monument) on February 26 of this year; while an extension trip through the Tusayan and Coconino National Forests will be afforded, with an opportunity to visit the cliff dwellings of the past and the Indian pueblos of to-day.

The tour will occupy nearly two months and its cost will be about seven hundred dollars for each person, but to those who can afford the time and money exceptional value is offered. The primary purpose of the tour is to foster public knowledge of our great parks and forests, and to promote a public spirit that will help their conservation and development. Almost every session of Congress is confronted with some suggestion of change or alteration in these public domains, and the more friends the parks and forests have the less likelihood will there be of any harmful encroachment on these picturesque areas of public land. The Massachusetts Forestry Association is to be commended for this endeavor to widen the circle of intelligent friends of our great public park and forest systems.

THE BAPTISTS AND CHURCH UNION

At the meeting of the Northern Baptist Convention at Denver, May 21–28, the Baptists of the North expressed themselves unequivocally as averse to organic union, while at the same session voting to unite in the Interchurch World Movement to co-operate with other denominations in common Christian tasks. To the invitation extended by the Presbyterian General Assembly to send delegates to a Council looking toward organic union of the Protestant denominations the Convention adopted unanimously a formal reply courteously declining to send delegates, and expressing the belief that organic union is impossible. The reply pointed out that the Baptist denomination is a collection of independent democratic churches, and that there is no centralized body that exercises any control over any one of them, or that is capable of delivering them to any merger or corporate unity. "If Baptist churches do not have organic unity among themselves, they obviously cannot have organic unity with other denominations." "We are convinced," the reply declares, "that our fundamental conception of the church, the nature of our organization, the democracy which is the very basis of our denominational life, make any organic union with groups of Christians holding opposite views unwise and impossible."

The statement is of interest also as forecasting the attitude of Baptists toward the proposals of the Episcopal and Anglican Churches of unity on the basis of the acceptance of Episcopal orders. Baptists believe in "the complete competence of the individual to come directly into saving relationship with God." To them a church is a local community of believers, and the only Church Universal is a spiritual fellowship of souls thus related to God. All sacerdotalism and sacramentarianism is thus denied, and all ecclesiastical orders rejected, since all believers are on a spiritual equality and all Christians equally priests of the Most High. Ordination is only a formal recognition on the part of some local church that one of its members is judged worthy to serve as pastor.

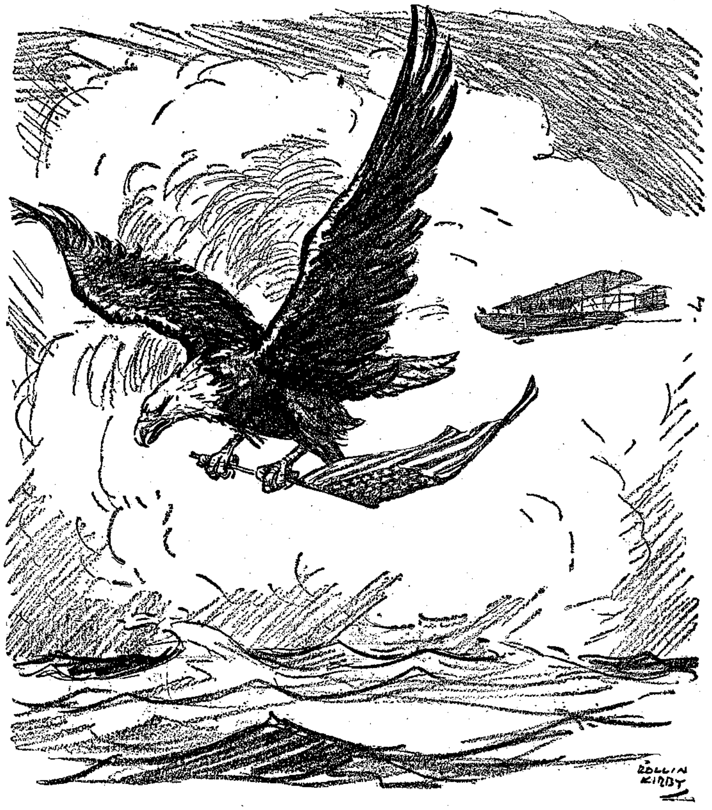
Baptists nevertheless find no inconsistency in entering heartily into federal and co-operative relations with other bodies of Christians, as in the Interchurch World Movement. The Convention, however, imposed certain conditions upon its co-operation, reserving the right to appoint its own representatives in the Movement, to present its own budget to its own constituency and raise its own funds, and to administer its own programme of expansion, and it prescribed that evangelical denominational bodies only should be included.

Together with this reassertion of the independence of the local church, the denomination at Denver established, for the first time in its history, a truly representative and National executive board, to be known as the Board of Promotion, to which a larger degree of authority is committed than Baptists hitherto have been accustomed to. A broad survey of Baptist tasks and responsibilities, arising from the present world situation, carefully prepared by a committee that has been long at work, was presented to the Convention and adopted by it, calling for an expenditure within five years of $100,000,000; and for the raising and expending of this amount, and for the widening work of the denomination at home and abroad, the organization of such a board of representatives of every State and each missionary, educational, and benevolent organization within the denomination seemed obviously necessary. Thus the democracy of Baptists is seeking that integration and superintendence that spells efficiency.

The six-million-dollar Victory Fund which Baptists have been raising within the last few months was reported to be within $500,000 of success, and a gift of $2,000,000 endowment from John D. Rockefeller for home and foreign mis-

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

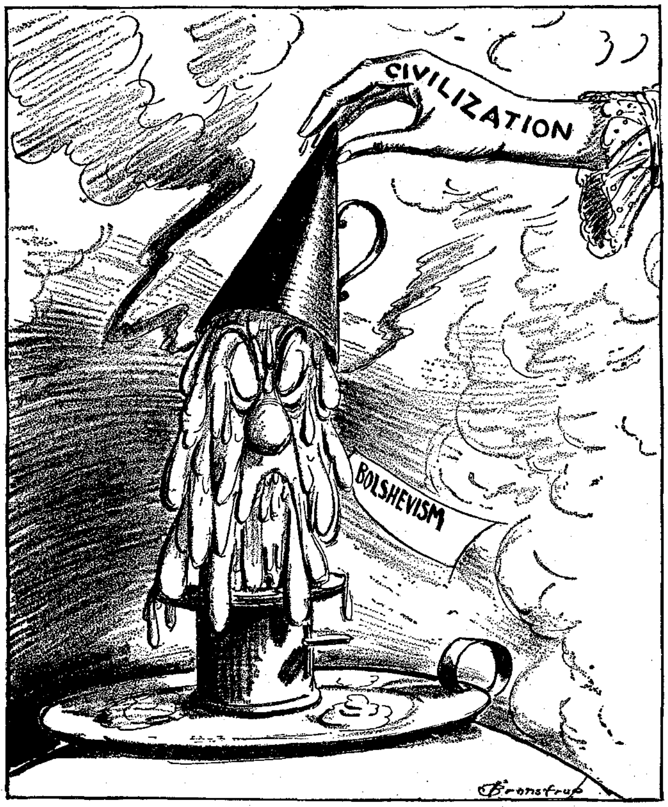
Kirby in the New York World



ROLLIN KIRBY

THE PACEMAKER

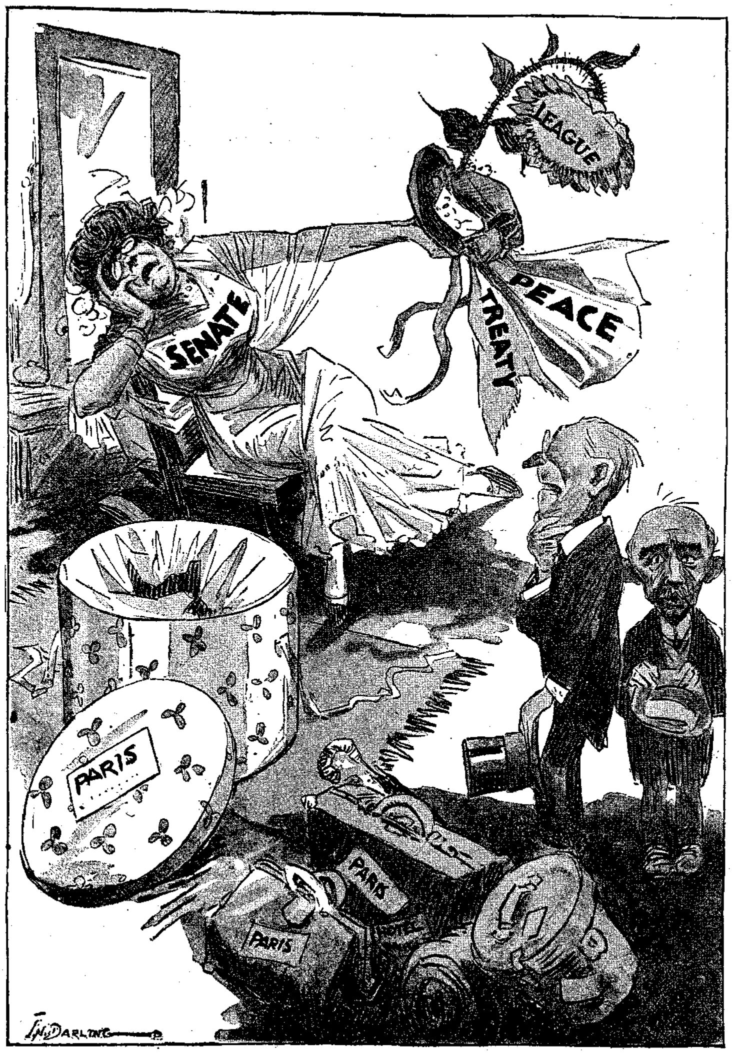
Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle



CIVILIZATION
BOLSHEVISM
Bronstrup

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

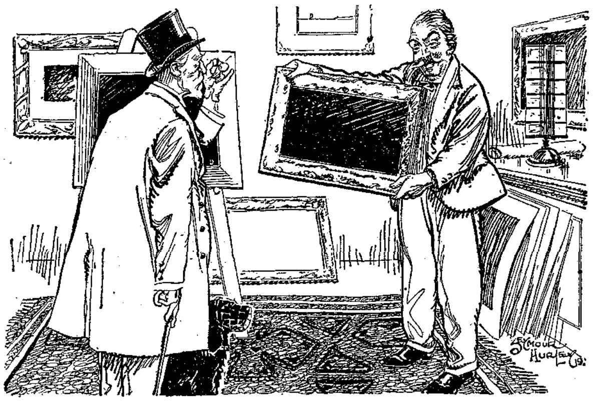
J. N. Darling in "Collier's"



LEAGUE
PEACE
TREATY
SENATE
PARIS
PARIS
PARIS
J.N. DARLING

BUYING A HAT WITHOUT CONSULTING THE LADY

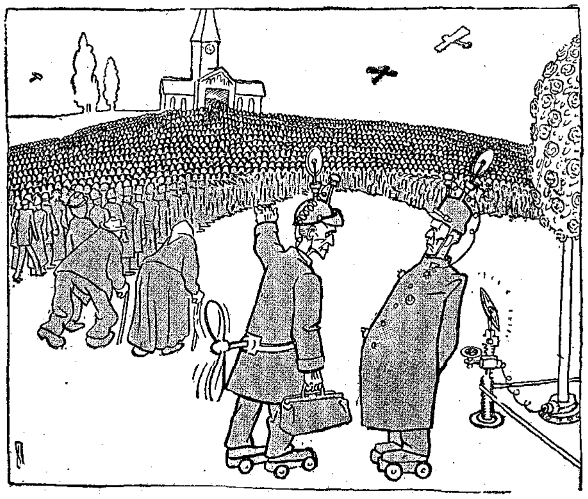
Hurley in "Blighty" (London)



Purchaser (who is selecting a wedding gift): "Yes, I rather like that. What is the title?"

Picture Dealer: "'The Coming Storm'—would make a splendid wedding present."

Forsaa in Hvepsen (Christiania, Sweden)



"Why are all those people going to church?"

"Don't you know that the Soviet has established a law against church-going? That's why."

sions was announced, conditioned upon the early completion of the Fund.

TRAINED NURSES AND RECONSTRUCTION

Public health nursing, which promises to become one of the great social forces of reconstruction in the future, was first organized in the large cities, notably New York, Chicago, Providence, and Boston, perhaps forty years ago. Smaller towns, and especially rural communities, however, have not shared in this development, and the Red Cross Department of Nursing is now particularly desirous of placing public health nurses in these localities.

The public health nurse, with her general and post-graduate training, is now recognized as the most efficient instrument for promoting a high order of community health. Her duties are of the most direct and practical form of social service. Striking at the root of epidemics by teaching prevention of the spread of contagion, she organizes classes of women who study the first principles of household sanitation, home nursing, and home dietetics.

A neighborhood nurse also inspects school children, separating the sick from the well and discovering faults of development, such as defective eyesight, "bad tonsils," and "fallen arches." That such inspection is also greatly needed is evident by the six hundred thousand men rejected in the recent army draft for preventable physical disqualifications. She gives instructions to expectant mothers so that the yearly death rate of fifteen thousand women from childbirth alone may be reduced and the child be given more than a possible five chances out of seven to live. She is also the constant enemy of tuberculosis and other communicable diseases.

The Red Cross hopes to offer instruction in home hygiene and care of the sick to every woman and girl in the United States. In urban communities, Red Cross Teaching Centers have already been established, where the course is offered to factory operatives, girl scouts, nursemaids, "little mothers," and other specialized groups as well as to women who wish certificates for completion of the standardized course.

In working out this programme, perhaps the greatest obstacle which confronts the Red Cross is the lack of available public health nursing personnel. At the beginning of the war there were approximately six thousand public health nurses in the United States. Some of these, however, have since entered military service. The Red Cross has therefore appropriated one hundred thousand dollars in Public Health Scholarship Funds, with an additional five thousand dollars Loan Fund, to prepare nurses for public health work, and hopes to interest many of the twenty thousand nurses now being released in large numbers from the Army and Navy Nurse Corps to take post-graduate training for public health nursing. As an initial effort to launch this educational programme, the Department of Nursing is assigning Red Cross nurses on the various Chautauqua Circuits covering the length and breadth of the country during the summer of 1919—veterans of the great base hospitals behind the lines of Château Thierry and the Argonne, who shall become "wandering troubadors of health."

THE KAISER AND THE LAW

DISTURBING reports come from Paris that the influence of the American delegation there is in effect pro-German. It is said that the American delegates are inclined to agree with the German contention that the Allies have no right to demand the surrender and trial of the Kaiser and the rest of the gang that brought on the war. These reports are unfortunately credible.

Somebody has said, very pertinently, that a good many of the Americans connected with the Commission to Negotiate Peace act and speak as if the war had been fought on paper. At the Crillon, where our commissioners and their experts have been indefatigably and usefully busy, there is a very large element of the academic mind. In any group that element is a very desirable ingredient except when it becomes disproportionately large. We have seen what the academic mind can do when it gets hypnotized by militarism. It can be equally dangerous when it becomes hypnotized by any other theory. There is a body of doctrine that seems to fascinate men who see life chiefly through books. In this body of doctrine are such beliefs, quite contrary to normal human experience, as that it is possible to have peace without victory; that forgiveness is always a virtue; and that, whereas it is permissible for mobs to fight, for individuals, if they are poor enough and degraded enough, to assassinate, and for a down-trodden class to make war, it is an inexcusable offense against humanity for a nation to fight, even for liberty, particularly if it does so in an orderly and efficient way.

Now one of the beliefs that seem to have seized upon a certain kind of academic mind is that a crime is not a crime if you call it political. If a man commits a gross libel and injures the reputation of another without cause, he is not to be treated as a criminal, according to this academic doctrine, if he committed his crime in order to secure a political advantage. One of the most despicable crimes of this sort was committed a few years ago; the perpetrator fled to this country, and was seized for deportation. Whereupon from some of those who are academically disposed there rose a loud outcry because the man's victim happened to be a ruler. Now the same kind of belief applies to the case of the Kaiser and his gang. It is said that, although they committed crimes, including rape, cold-blooded murder, torture, and what is even worse, the attempted and in part successful assassination of a people's soul (for *qui facit per alium facit per se*), they did it all for a political purpose and in the capacity of political leaders, and therefore they cannot be touched and ought not to be punished or even tried.

Of course this is equivalent to adopting, perhaps unconsciously, the German view. That view is that the state can do no wrong; that the ruler of a people is above the law, not only of his own land, not only of other lands, but also above international law, and even the moral law. The Germans said there was no international law, no public law of nations. They proceeded to act upon what they asserted to be the fact. The Germans were not fighting for autocracy; they were fighting for the same reason that a criminal fights. They wanted booty, and they professed to believe that they were doing only what everybody else would do in their place. That is what the pickpocket believes. The reason why the world rose up against the Germans is that the German belief offends the instincts and conscience of mankind.

The nations of the world fought against Germany and her partners in crime because the nations of the world believe that there is such a thing as international law, that there is a public law of nations, both written and unwritten, and that men and states who willfully violate it can and should be held accountable.

POPULAR FALLACIES

I—THAT WHAT'S MINE'S MY OWN

WHY is it yours?

Because I made it.

Any one help you?

No! I made it myself.

Is that true? Can it be true of anything? Does any man ever make anything without any help?

An author writes an article for The Outlook. All the machinery he needs is a pen, a bottle of ink, and some writing paper. It is apparently wholly the product of his labor.

But can it be said, No one helped him? He could not write it without paper on which to write. Did you ever go into a paper mill? Did you ever trace the history of the linen rag from its entrance into the mill at one end to its issue from the mill as a clean white sheet of writing paper at the other? How many processes does it have to go through, how many men and women take a part in these processes, before the author can have the sheet of paper on which to write his article? They are all co-laborers with him in its preparation.

But not only is it necessary to prepare his paper and pens and ink; it is necessary to prepare him. His ideas are transformed into words through his brain and put upon paper by his hand, and others have helped him prepare the brain and fit the hand for their tasks. Last night he was tired out and could not have written. A good night's sleep and a good breakfast have set him up, and now his pen flies as fast as his fingers can drive it. How much of the vigor, the wit, the wise judgment of his contribution is due to that night's sleep and that good breakfast? Who can tell how much of the piety in the minister's sermon and the caustic humor in the editor's article are due to the cook, and how much to the preacher and the writer?

Nor is his indebtedness only to the contemporaries who have equipped his brain with new power to perform its new task. Unnumbered men and women have contributed to the store from which he is drawing as he writes. Dr. Lyman Beecher once sat in the pew and heard a young and dishonest minister preach a sermon which Dr. Beecher himself had preached elsewhere a few months before. After the sermon Dr. Beecher went up to the thief and asked him, "How long did it take you to prepare that sermon?" "Oh, about a week," was the reply. "Indeed!" said Dr. Beecher; "it took me forty years." Into our contributions go the experiences, the observations, the reading, the studies of a lifetime. Paul and Plato, David and Dante, Beecher and Brooks, are a few of the philosophers, the poets, the preachers who have been bringing to the minister the stores of material on which he draws for his sermon, and to the author on which he draws for his article. He could no more trace the sources from which he has derived his inspiration than he could trace the water he drinks to its original source in the clouds which bestowed it on the mountains.

Moreover, the article when it is written has no economic value if it is only written. The writer of this Essay on Fallacies has only succeeded in spoiling some sheets of clean white paper unless some other person will co-operate with him in giving to it a value. In fact, it will first go to the typewriter to be made into a typewritten copy; then to the composing-room to be set up in type; then to the pressroom to be printed; then to the mailing-room to be prepared for the mail; and then to the post office to be carried by railway or steamboat or carriage to readers all over the country.

Half a century ago a then famous minister in New York preached three sermons on the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, and gave them to a publisher to be printed under the title of "The Lost Coin, the Lost Sheep, the Lost Son." The book was sent to The Outlook for notice, and a conscientious and sympathetic writer wrote a commendatory review. But his handwriting was obscure and the compositor was not familiar with the Bible and of course never saw the book, and the notice came out in the columns of the paper under the title of "The Lost Cow, the Lost Sheep, the Lost Sow." Unwittingly the compositor had turned the review, if not the book itself, into a joke. So true is it that upon the intelligent co-operation of the compositor depends the real value of the article which the author proudly calls his own.

Whether we like it or not, we are all members of a joint stock company. Society is a great factory in which each workman does his little part in making the completed product. "Economic independence" is nothing but a phrase; it represents no reality. No one is independent. The present generation inherits its materials and its tools from past generations whom it cannot repay, and bequeaths materials and tools to future generations from whom it can never receive pay. Money is what the political economists call it, a "medium of exchange." Dollars are simply counters which we use to facilitate the exchanging of services.

And the payments we make are very inadequately adjusted to the value of the services rendered to us.

Probably the most valued service is that of the doctor, for he keeps us alive. Next are the services of the teachers and the ministers, for they make us worth keeping alive; and the teachers and the ministers are the poorest paid of all the professions. We habitually pay little sums for great services and great sums for little services and sometimes for none at all. The best books are rarely the best sellers; the Bible is the one exception that proves the rule. We pay four hundred dollars to an artist who has painted the picture, and, after he dies, four thousand dollars to the dealer who happens to possess it.

Neither making nor buying gives us, according to a standard of absolute justice, a perfect title to property. Such title as we possess is given to us by the laws and the customs of society.

This fact is amply illustrated. Society recognizes your right to a horse, but not to a bear, for wild beasts are not subjects of personal property. At least they were not in Blackstone's day. If the circus, the menagerie, and the zoölogical garden have changed the law, that fact would still further emphasize the truth that social custom, not individual production, gives ownership. If a man builds a house, he and his heirs own it as long as it lasts. If an author writes a book, his ownership lasts twenty-eight years, and is renewable for fourteen years more. In most communities the owner of land owns it to the center of the earth; but in mining communities he owns it only a few feet down. Under a limited depth prescribed by law it may belong to a mining corporation; and the law regulating the ownership of rival corporations is so complicated that only an expert mining lawyer can understand it, and he not very well. In England and America a man at death may leave his property as he chooses, with certain exceptions in favor of his wife. But in France he cannot unqualifiedly disinherit his children.

The sum of the whole matter is this: Life is not designed for individual acquisition, but for mutuality of service. Society has always, in a blind and opportunist fashion, recognized this truth, and from time to time has altered its customs and its laws in order to promote an approximately just and equitable exchange of services.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

A NOVELIST'S NOVELIST

WALT WHITMAN has been called the poet's poet. With better reason Leonard Merrick may be called the novelist's novelist. A new edition of his novels, thirteen in number, has been called for by the spontaneous and concurrent action of thirteen of his contemporaries, modern novelists and dramatists, many of whom are better known to the novel-reading public than Mr. Merrick. These thirteen authors combine in introducing one whom Sir James Barrie, speaking for them, calls "our man." "There have been," says Barrie in his introduction to "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," "many 'authors' editions,' but never, so far as I know, one quite like this, in which the 'author' is not the writer himself, but his contemporaries, who have entirely engineered the edition themselves and have fallen over each other, so to speak, in their desire to join in the honor of writing the prefaces."

Among these contemporaries who have thus combined in this quite unique testimonial of regard for the writer and affection for the man are such popular authors as Sir J. M. Barrie, H. G. Wells, W. J. Locke, and W. D Howells, and such dramatists as Sir Arthur Pinero and J. K. Prothero. We make no attempt here to give any characterization of Merrick's qualities as an author of fiction; that must come later, when more of the volumes have been issued from the press; and though we are sorely tempted to quote at length from Mr. Barrie's charmingly keen analysis of the merits of his favorite, we must content ourselves with a single sentence: "There is no one with a greater art of telling a story, if that art consists in making us forever wonder what we are to find on the next page."

We do not recall any event in the history of literature quite like this edition, in which better, or at least more widely known, authors have combined in introducing to public favor one of their own competitors. It indicates that in the Republic of Letters there is an absence of that jealousy which gossip attributes to the two great interpreters of letters, actors and singers.

THE BRITISH BUDGET

HOW GREAT BRITAIN WATCHES HER EXPENSES

BY P. W. WILSON

Mr. P. W. Wilson is American correspondent of the "London Daily News," and was a member of the British Parliament from 1905 to 1910. For twelve years he was Parliamentary Correspondent for his paper, and he has heard twelve budgets introduced in the House of Commons. During the great struggle over Mr. Lloyd George's Budget of 1909 Mr. Wilson was in almost daily contact with the present British Prime Minister.—THE EDITORS.

BY consulting Whitaker's Almanac any Englishman can tell you in five minutes precisely what his country receives by taxes, and pays away on expenditure, and owes in national debt. The war has complicated matters, but even to-day the system stands good. In the United States I confess that I have not found it so easy to arrive at the corresponding figures.

Let me explain the British system. The financial year begins on April 1, ending the following March 31. Each of such years is made complete in itself. One year is not allowed, as it were, to overflow into another year.

In the autumn every department prepares an estimate of what it would like to spend in the following financial year. These estimates are laid before the Cabinet, and are approved with or without amendment. Over the cost of the Navy, for instance, there has often been a severe struggle at Downing Street.

When Parliament meets in January or February, the printed estimates are handed to members. They are then public property, and by adding up the totals any one can discover what the nation is likely to spend. The Chancellor of the Exchequer assumes that these estimates represent the expenditure which he will have to meet. Here and there the House of Commons may alter a figure, or there may be a supplementary estimate presented later in the year, but substantially the situation is defined. There is this further safeguard, that no private member can propose expenditure except through the Government. Here, as elsewhere, I am avoiding technical language and confining myself to the actual effect of the standing orders. What the House wishes to avoid is the danger of some irresponsible member forcing a vote on an item which might be very popular but none the less extravagant.

A certain number of days are given to discussing estimates, or, more accurately, the subjects which arise thereupon. For instance, in voting the salary of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, the House would probably debate the personality of "President" de Valera. It is only in form that the proceedings are financial, and most votes are carried by closure, without any discussion at all. When carried, they are gathered together into one appropriation bill, which cannot be amended, and this bill when passed authorizes the money to be paid out. For reasons of convenience there may be two or three such appropriation bills in the year, but they all fall within the above general scheme.

So much for expenditure—how about revenue? This is arranged by one department, namely, the Treasury, over which the Chancellor of the Exchequer presides. Let me repeat that the financial year begins on April 1. On that date the Chancellor knows exactly what money he has received from all sources in the previous twelve months, and on March 31 the account is cut as if by a knife. Every penny received on April 1 is reckoned in the new year.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer surveys his taxes and other sources of income, like the post office or the Suez Canal shares. He says to himself, "I have just received so much money from these sources. My advisers tell me that in the next twelve months, if I leave things exactly as they are, I shall receive a different sum." It may be more, it may be less, but in either event it is compared with the probable expenditure. Every Chancellor is expected to provide enough money in time of peace to cover what he expects to spend, with the addition of a small margin for safety.

If his taxes are sufficient to do this, he need not put on more. But he may take off a tax, if it is safe so to do, or he may reduce a tax and substitute another tax; but, whatever detailed proposals he makes for altering taxes, he must present a scheme which, taken as a whole, furnishes the revenue required.

Like the estimates, the budget is discussed and incorporated into a bill which, when carried, authorizes the collection of revenue. The bill may not receive the royal assent until August, but it is an established principle that revenue may be collected in advance on the basis of the estimated tax when first proposed. In other words, the actual statute is retrospective to that extent.

At the end of the year the Chancellor may find that he has made a miscalculation. Either he has in hand a surplus or there is a deficit. In times of peace such realized deficits have been almost unknown in British finance, but if they occur they are met out of balances and cleared up by the following year's revenue.

A surplus, however, is handed at once to the commissioners who deal with national debt and is used as repayment. This plan must be pursued unless the House by special legislation provides otherwise. Such repayment of debt would be additional to the regular sinking fund already provided for in the previous budget.

The House appreciates the fact that it cannot as a body scrutinize individual items of expenditure with a view to economy. A committee for this purpose is therefore established, and this committee issues a report, but only after the money is spent. It is a safeguard against gross misuse of public funds; but of course economy is often a matter of large policy with which such committee could not deal. For instance, it could pronounce upon an improper contract for armor-plate, but it could not pronounce upon the design of a battleship.

There has been established by Mr. Gladstone an important officer called the Controller and Auditor-General. Like our High Court judges, this official is virtually irremovable, and it is his duty to make certain that the accounts are properly presented. He is undoubtedly out of reach of political or other influence.

In the United Kingdom we have no separate States, but we do have local authorities, some of which, like the London County Council or the Glasgow Corporation, approximate in importance to a State Legislature. All these bodies prepare their accounts annually, and have to render balance sheets to the local government board. The rate-payers may, and often do, demand Local Government Board inquiries into what they consider to be unsuitable objects of expenditure. The spirit of our national finance thus permeates municipal administration.

For education and other purposes loca

expenditure is assisted by grants from the Imperial or, as Americans would call it, the Federal Treasury. The Treasury enters those grants as expenditures just as it would enter payments for the navy. And the local authority enters the grant as a receipt, just as if it came from a local tax.

It may be interesting if I illustrate the above explanation by a brief statement of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Budget of this year. He assumes that he will have to spend £1,434,910,000, and that he will receive £1,201,100,000. This means that he must face a war deficit of £233,810,000. The figures are colossal, but you will notice how simply the result can be stated. Even the difficult item of money received for sale of war stores and munition factories is brought into the account by treating it frankly as revenue. Strictly it should be called capital, but the result of handling it as income is quite accurate, for it simply means that the deficit on the other side, which means new debt, is reduced.

For years the annual statement has included the Post Office, and here again the system is free from complication. All postal receipts of whatever kind, except, of course, deposits in the savings bank, are entered as revenue, just as if they were a tax on beer. All payments, whether for buildings or wages or material, are treated as expenditure. A private firm could not do this, because the buildings are assets. But the state goes on forever and represents the whole community. To raise special capital for buildings would be therefore merely to duplicate the national debt. For the same reason, we never insure our public buildings, because taxation is already paid by the whole community, and is thus a premium.

If we take over the railways, it will be comparatively simple to change their stock into national debt, and to treat their expenditure and revenue precisely as we treat that of the Post Office.

I take it that the American system is derived largely from British practice in the eighteenth century. Since then our methods have been molded as a result of the struggle between Commons and Lords. There are two distinctions between the American procedure and ours. First, our finance now depends on one House alone, whereas in the United States the Senate has its say. Secondly, our Finance Minister sits in Parliament, whereas in this country he is excluded from Congress.

Possibly the consolidation of American finance could be achieved by a committee of one or both houses in Congress, which would receive estimates of revenue and expenditure, just as these estimates are received by the British Cabinet, and would afterwards submit them to Congress once a year as a coherent scheme. In the British Parliament there are men who think that such an Estimate Committee, working with the Government, would be an improvement at Westminster. The plan somewhat resembles the custom in the French Parliament. I am not certain myself that such a committee would improve matters at Westminster, but the mere fact that it is advocated suggests how comparatively simple it would be to supply it at Washington, provided always that statesmen were so minded.

PUTTING A COMMUNITY ON THE MILK WAGON

BY HELEN JOHNSON KEYES

OF THE STATES' RELATIONS SERVICE, UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

IN one of our Northwestern States lies a district where four months ago community activities scarcely existed. It was a dairying country, with wide distances separating its comfortable homes. The school, however, reflected none of the prosperity which was shown by the houses and farm buildings; it was a dismal, two-room structure, built on one of the most barren areas which the neighborhood possessed. Yet it was a very expensive school; expensive because its attendance was so small that the cost was exceedingly high per capita. Its average attendance was ten pupils, and, as its teacher received six hundred dollars a year, the tuition of each child amounted to over five dollars a month, and was met of course by the taxpayers. These, not unnaturally, grumbled over the high cost of education, and were inclined to seek a remedy in lowering the salary of the teacher instead of in augmenting the value of the school and promoting a larger attendance. Had there been fifty pupils, the school would have cost no more and it would have demonstrated its value five afternoons a week by the throng of boys and girls who clamorously escaped from it.

The mothers of the district, however, were overwhelmed with the work which they had to do and found it necessary to keep their children at home to assist them. Moreover, every household seemed to be a nest of physical ailments. Nobody ever felt strong, apparently, and the children were continually unwell.

The farmers of this district were members of the county farm bureau, but their wives and daughters took no part in it. Finally, a group of husbands who had seen something of home demonstration work elsewhere interested their wives in having an agent visit their community and show them ways to prepare more nutritious meals without increased labor. The farm bureau, therefore, asked the State College to furnish some one for this purpose.

The agent who came in response to the appeal saw that faulty meal-planning was the cause, not only of excessive labor, but also of poor health. She called on the doctor, who confessed that lack of nutrition and neglect of general hygiene prevailed. He said that even the children drank very little milk, and that many of them took coffee for breakfast and little else besides hot bread. She saw the teacher, who complained of her pupils' sluggishness. They seemed tired and sleepy even in the morning, she stated, and by afternoon had no concentration at all. In answer to a question, she replied that she had never noticed what they brought with them for lunches, but guessed it was mostly ham sandwiches and pickles, and perhaps cake or crullers.

Connected with the churches were three women's societies, and the agent asked the co-operation of the clergymen in announcing and advertising the meeting among their members. One church offered its parlors for the demonstration, which she gladly accepted. Realizing that she had a long-established inertia to overcome, she solicited the use of two automobiles and volunteered to bring to the meeting any women who would leave their names at the post office. Nine women did so.

The agent drove one car herself. To collect the women at their homes and bump over the roads which curved and dipped and rippled past golden fields and flaming trees that October afternoon was a friendly prelude to co-operation. The agent, moreover, found in it an opportunity to gather impressions of her women.

She had hung on a wall of the church parlor a simple chart showing the nutritive value of milk compared with other foods and she had set up a small gasoline stove. First she asked the women what their difficulties were in planning and preparing meals. Out of their problems she spun her talk, showing what are the different elements which the body requires, the foods which must be combined in order to supply these, the comparative prices of them, and the high nutritive value of milk and its relative cheapness as a food, even at the prices which shock us. Toward the close of her talk she made junket, and by serving it to her audience turned the lesson into a party.

This was the beginning of what is known in the vocabulary of home demonstration work as a "project"—that is, an intensive study of one subject. In the present case the topic was milk. The school lasted for three days and held two sessions daily. Attendance leaped from twelve at the first meeting to thirty at the final one. It included demonstrations of the modification and pasteurization of milk for infants; a talk upon the care of milk and the importance of cleanliness and freshness; one on the value of skimmed milk in adult diet and the making of cottage cheese and its use in soups, gravies, fillings, and salads. The weighing of babies and children was undertaken and results compared with standard charts and recorded. Nine mothers promised to have their babies weighed once a week, and the doctor's wife offered to take charge of it. The doctor himself opened a free clinic by volunteering to write milk formulas for all the infants brought to him. Eleven mothers promised to feed their children a quart of milk a day, at least until the next weighing, to deny them coffee and tea, and to serve fruit and cereals or eggs for breakfast. The ladies who were in charge of the next church social voted to give a cottage-cheese supper, and with the help of the agent prepared a menu.

When the agent left the community, she had not merely *taught* a project, but had brought forward and placed in charge of the continuation of her work women with ability for leadership, women who heretofore had not known their talent nor made it valuable to their neighbors.

One thing, however, which she wanted to do she had found impracticable during that visit. This was to arouse interest in the serving each day in school of one hot milk dish to add cheer and nutriment to the cold box lunches. The teacher felt that this would add to her burdens, and that her function was to hear lessons, not to feed her pupils. She was upheld by the apathy of the school board, which as an incentive to mental energy would have preferred the birch rod to hot soup. Even the mothers maintained that school should not be made a kitchen, and when the agent reminded them that the people at home ate their heartiest meal at the hour when the children ate meagerly out of their boxes the parents compromised on the preparation of better boxes, planned according to written instructions of the agent's, but stubbornly declined to have the labors of the kitchen performed in an institute of learning.

Three months later this agent returned to the community. The local leaders whom she had aroused were carrying on successfully the measures which she had initiated. There was a marked subsidence of colic, and many mothers and babies were sleeping the night through. Some remarkable results of milk-drinking were shown by the weight chart, the most striking of which was the case of a boy seven years old who gained three pounds during the first month that he drank a quart of milk a day, two pounds the second month, and lost a pound the third month, when he no longer had milk.

The teacher candidly expressed her surprise at an improvement in the alertness and concentration of her children. Average attendance had increased from ten to fourteen pupils. Housewives were pleased with the economies in meat which the use of milk and cheese had made possible, and farmers were gratified because their surplus of skim milk left after the stock was fed had been proved an excellent human food and worth salvage from the drain-pipes, where formerly it had been poured.

Availing herself of the universal satisfaction which prevailed, the agent gave a demonstration in the schoolhouse of ways to prepare cream soups, creamed vegetables, and cocoa, suggesting again that the pupils would be benefited by the hot dish. One mother offered to furnish the milk for a week if her daughter were permitted to prepare and serve the food during that time. The idea that to cook and serve was an honor stirred the other mothers, all of whom suddenly desired the privilege for their children. One of them offered the loan of a stove if her daughter could cook the next week. Even the washing of dishes was exalted into a knightly privilege, one mother offering two dish towels if her son might perform this useful service. Gradually, saucepan, plates, cups, and spoons were donated or lent, and finally the teacher, swept from her moorings by the high tide of enthusiasm, was seen by the agent frantically waving her hand as if she were herself a pupil seeking to interrupt the august progress of a recitation. Being called upon to speak, she offered the gift of a double boiler. The agent knew at that moment that her watched pot had boiled!

The results of this specific experiment are still coming in each month with the reports of the agent. They have been so satisfactory to parents, teacher, and pupils that there is no talk of discontinuing the "Eat-Milk Campaign," or the hot school lunch, which has been made self-supporting by the charge of three cents a dish. The mental work and the conduct of the pupils have improved as a result of a more sufficient diet, and average attendance has increased to twenty. The children are showing an interest in good housekeeping and in health laws, and there seems to be a new realization that education and schools are linked to life. Women who a few months ago labored cheerlessly, because they had only a limited conception of what a woman's work may produce in the way of health and the power of usefulness, now have a respect for their duties because they see their significance.

THE QUESTION OF FIUME

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

THE Bay of Fiume looks like the Bay of Naples. In place of the island of Capri you have the island of Cherso; in place of Vesuvius and the Italian hills you have the Dinaric Alps and the Istrian Mountains.

The city of Fiume looks like a piece of Prague or Budapest—that is to say, it looks like a Slav or Hungarian city rather than like an Italian one. The Hungarians (in power here since last November) were jealous of Italian influence and took good care that building-permits should be granted only where the architecture of the new structures was less Italian than had been that of the old.

THE CROATS

I am staying with a Slav family in Fiume. I could not get a room in any hotel; I went to them all. At the last one the manager kindly tried to obtain lodging for me in a private house, and, after some vain attempts, finally secured me a place with this Croat family. They have given me much information concerning the general Slav side of the situation here and the attitude of that important branch of the Slav race, the Croats, in particular.

When my landlady heard that I was an American, she grasped my hands and said: "The Americans are our friends. Welcome to you!" Then she proceeded: "You will see some things here that you may not understand. For instance, all Fiume is beflagged. Every house flies the Italian colors. You doubtless assume that every one here wants Italy to rule over us. But it is not so. You do not realize that the Italian authorities have forced the Croats to fly Italian colors—why, even our big Croatian banks and steamship agencies were overawed. In this way the true number of Slavs, whether Croats or Slovenes, in the population is not evident. It is far larger than the Italians will admit. They have done everything possible to make their proportion of Fiume and Istria as to population appear larger; for example, Slovenes and Croats have been deported on various pretexts, particularly sanitary pretexts. Then you have read in the Italian newspapers that there were many thousands in the pro-Italy procession two days ago. You probably thought them all men, and so doubtless did the simple Italian people in reading their papers. Yet half of this procession was made up of women and children—it was easy enough to get the children, as the Italians control the schools. But that is not all. Last winter, when we were starving, the Italians refused us food unless we would swear allegiance to Italy. We finally got some food from the French. Why, the Italians have even invaded the proper order of church services. Nor will they tell the truth about us in their newspapers over on the mainland. Time after time an Italian kills or outrages or maltreats a Croat. A week goes by. You find the occurrence reported in the Italian paper with the names reversed; it is always the

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

(C) Harris & Ewing

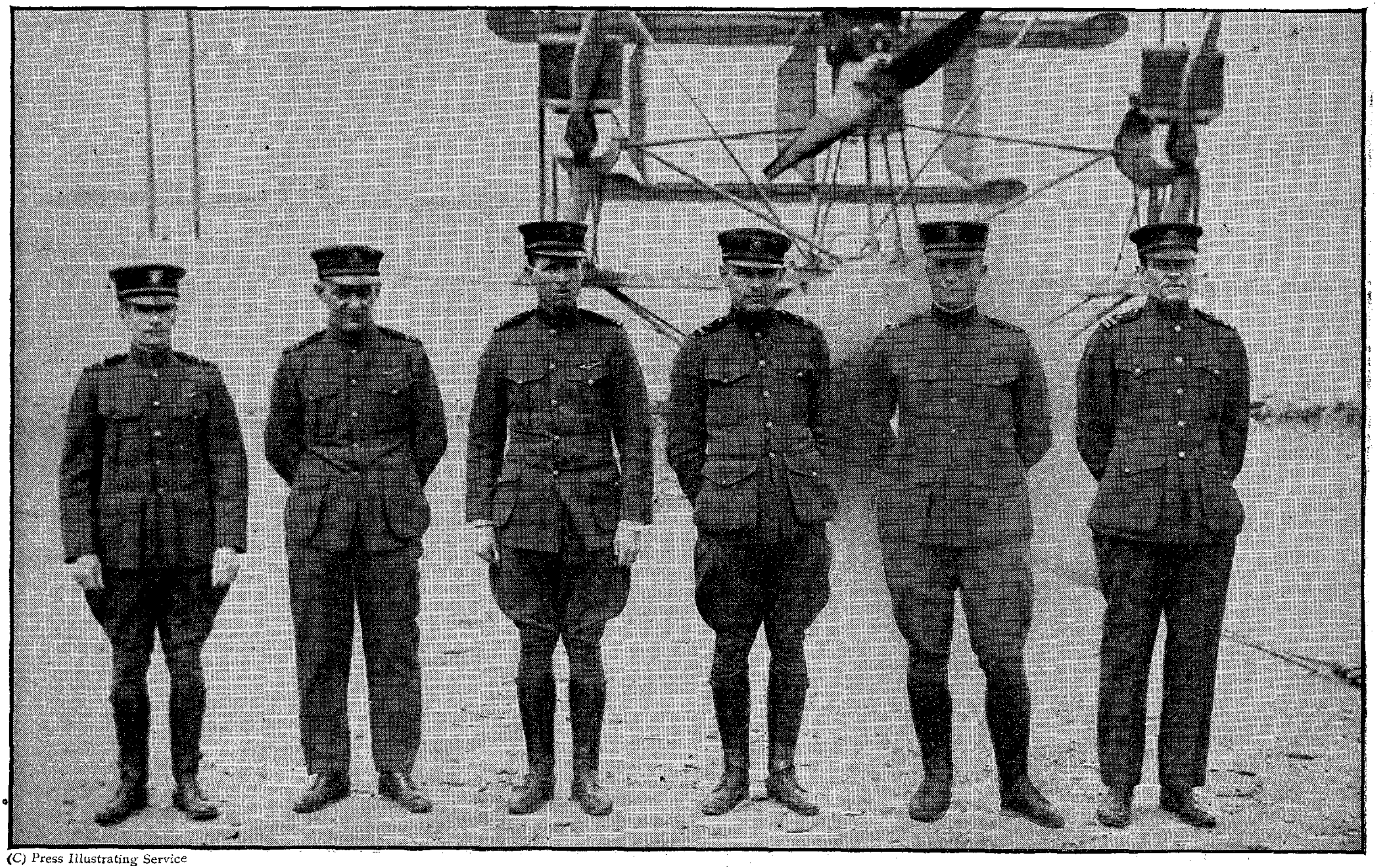
MRS. ALBERT C. READ WITH HER BABY

Paul Thompson

MRS. HARRY HAWKER WITH HER BABY

Lieut.-Commander Read and Mr. Hawker, as they set out on their ventures across the Atlantic in the air, had no greater need of faith and courage than these two women

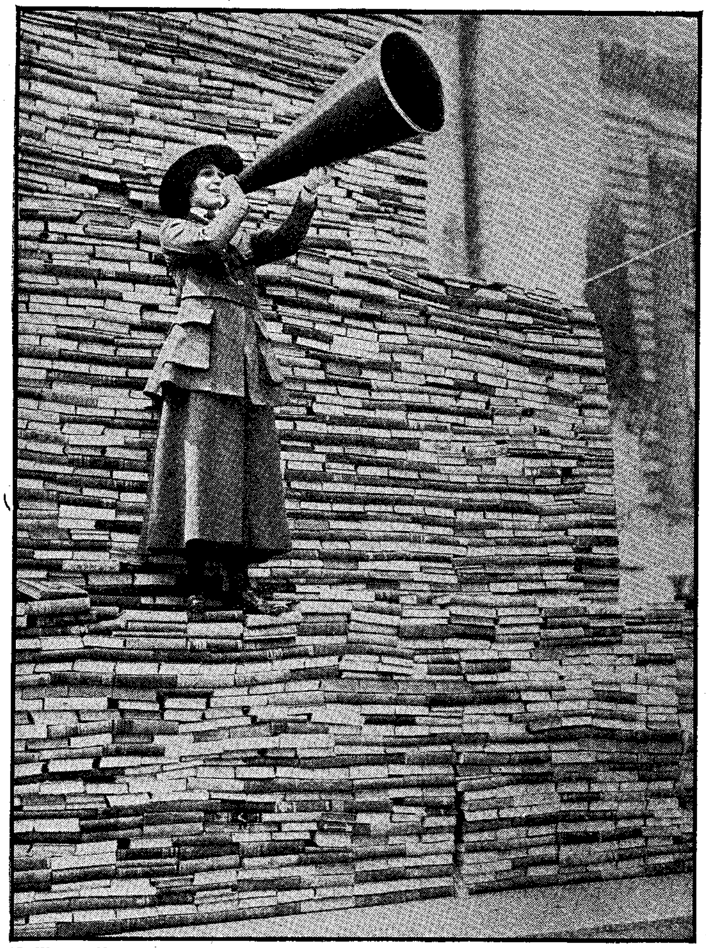
WIVES OF HEROES SHARE THEIR HEROISM



(C) Press Illustrating Service

THE COMMANDER AND CREW OF THE FIRST AIRPLANE THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC, THE NC-4

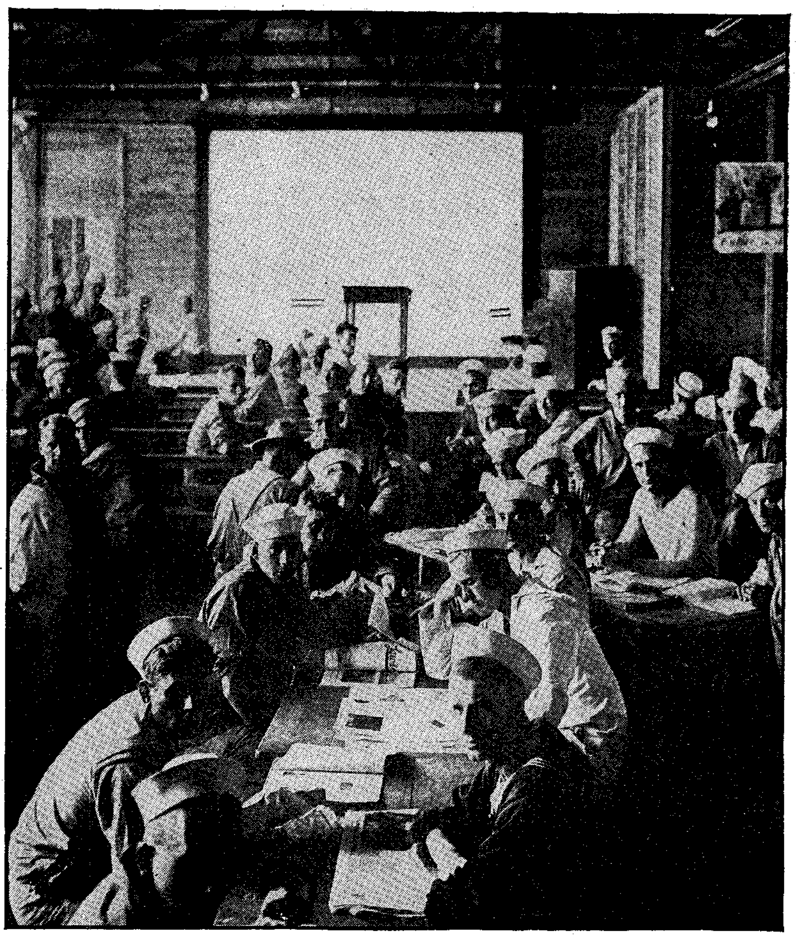
Left to right: Lieutenant-Commander A. C. Read; Lieutenant E. F. Stone, pilot; Lieutenant Walker Hinton, pilot; Ensign Charles Rodd, radio operator; chief machinist's mate E. S. Rhodes (who went only as far as the Azores); Lieutenant J. L. Breese, engineer



(C) Western Newspaper Union

CALLING FOR BOOKS FOR OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

This pyramid of books, numbering about 100,000, has been built in front of the Public Library in New York City from books given for our men abroad and in hospitals at home



Gilliams Service

WHERE BOOKS ARE NEEDED AND APPRECIATED

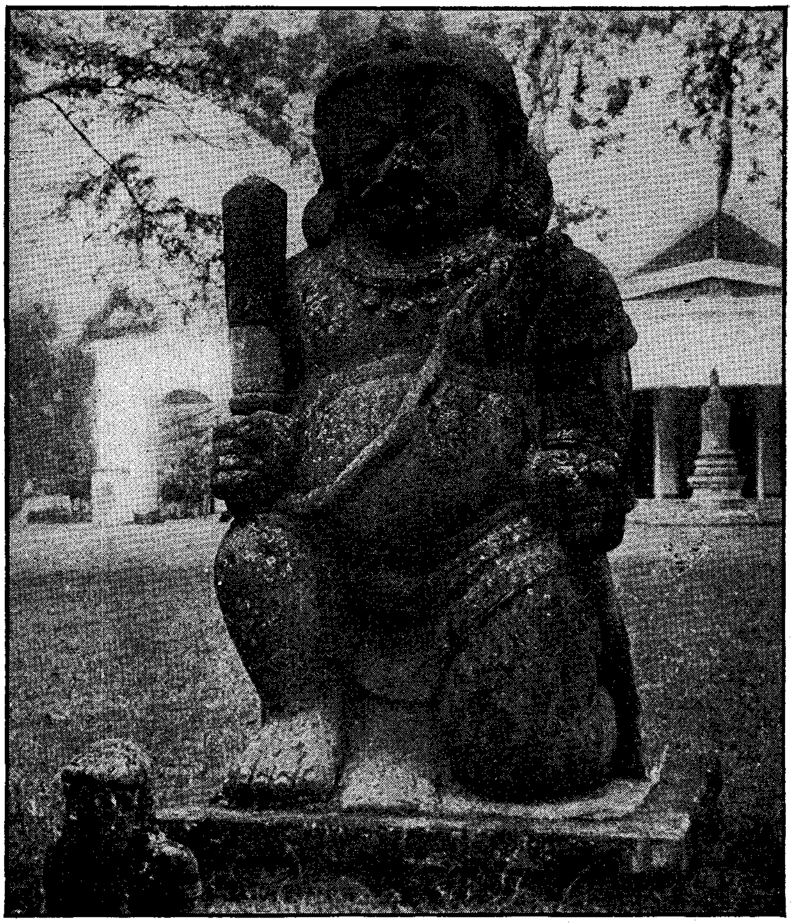
Our men abroad need books more than ever, now that the strain of fighting has given way to "watchful waiting" for peace. The picture shows how the men enjoy the library facilities that are offered in a town on the coast of France

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION HAS A BIGGER TASK THAN EVER

(C) Press Illustrating Service

CELEBRATING GAUTAMA'S BIRTHDAY IN JAPAN

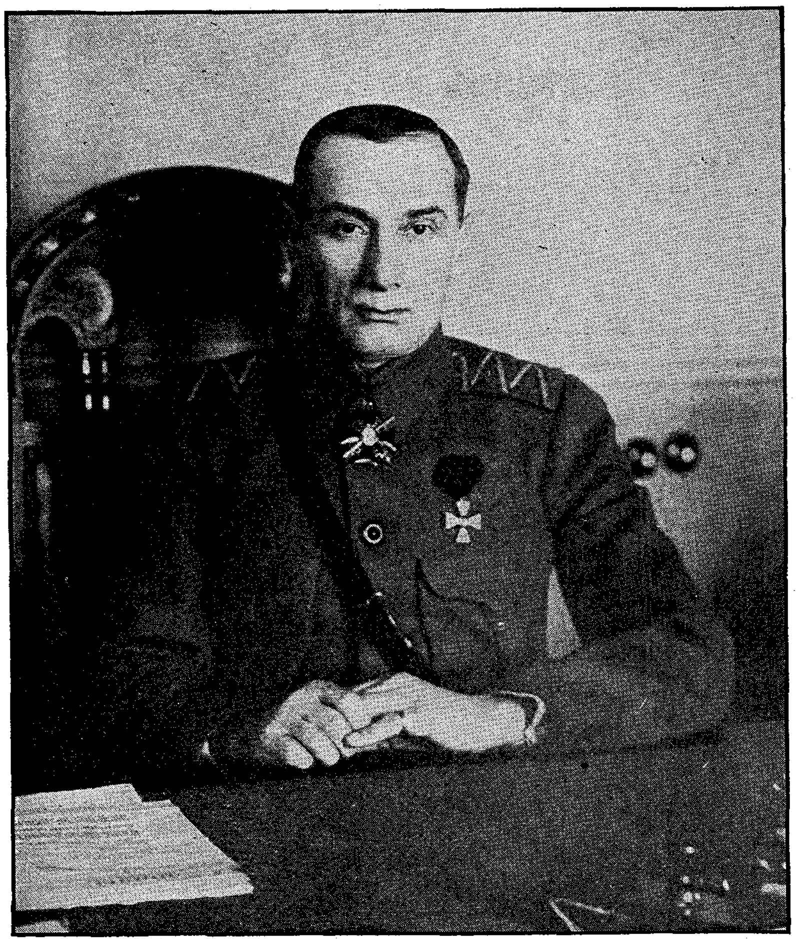
One of the many beautiful outdoor celebrations that are characteristic of Japan is illustrated in the picture. Gautama's birthday (April 8) is celebrated with processions in which children and flowers have conspicuous parts



Underwood & Underwood

THE "GOD OF ANGER" IN THE AFFLICTED ISLAND OF JAVA

According to the reputed belief of certain Javanese, this God of Anger beats with his mighty club those who stir him to wrath. The fearful natural convulsions prevalent on the island may have given rise to a belief in such a deity



(C) Underwood & Underwood

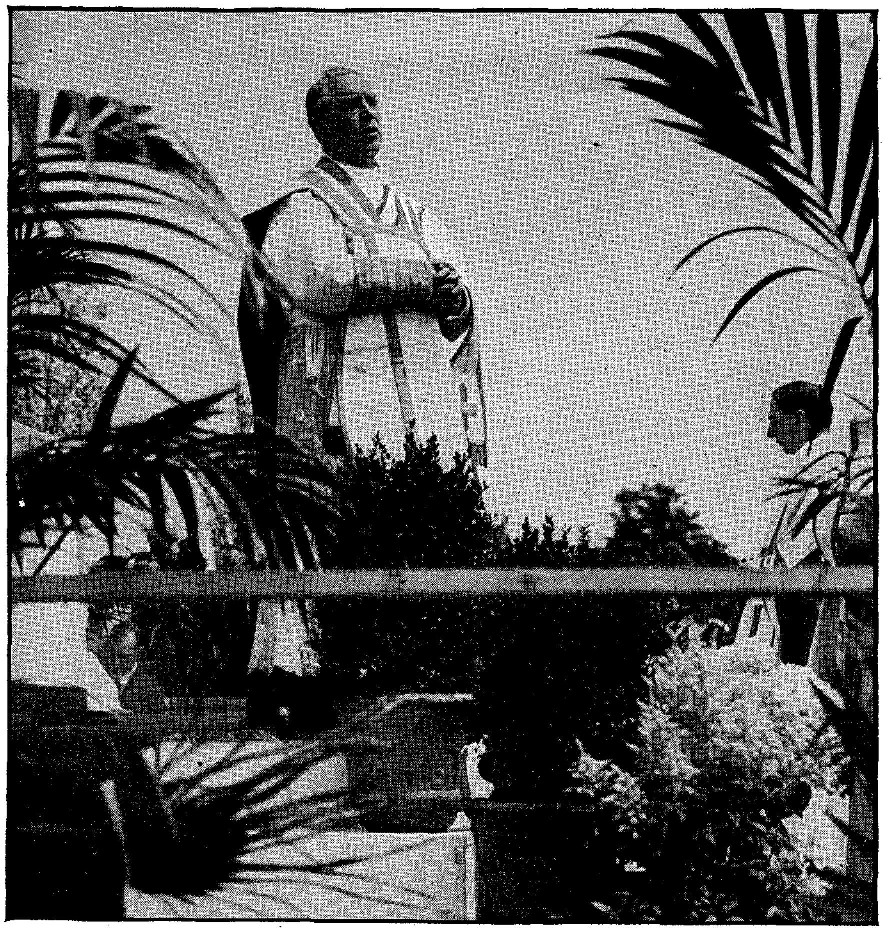
ADMIRAL KOLCHAK, HEAD OF THE ALL-RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT AT OMSK

The success of Admiral Kolchak in overcoming the forces of the Bolshevik Government continues and may soon lead to the formal recognition of his Government by the Allies

Central News Service

SERGEANT ALVIN C. YORK, WHO WITH SEVEN COMPANIONS CAPTURED 132 HUNS

Sergeant York, who is an elder of a church in his home town in Tennessee, recently returned from France, where as leader he carried out one of the most remarkable exploits of the war—the capture of 132 German soldiers



(C) International Film Service

CHAPLAIN CHIDWICK SPEAKING AT A GREAT FIELD MASS IN BROOKLYN IN HONOR OF THE NATION'S DEAD

The Rev. John P. S. Chidwick is known and revered by hosts of Americans as the chaplain of the ill-fated Maine, sunk in Havana Harbor twenty-odd years ago. He has been President of St. Joseph's Seminary since 1909

(C) Harris & Ewing

MRS. MEDILL McCORMICK, CHAIRMAN OF A CONFERENCE OF REPUBLICAN WOMEN

Mrs. McCormick is a daughter of the late Senator Hanna, of Ohio. She was chairman of a recent conference in Washington called by the Republican Women's National Executive Committee

Croat who has killed the Italian. We believe that our Trumbich has told your Wilson about these things and that the Signore Presidente sympathizes with the under dog."

"Certainly he does," I answered. "So do we all." But I could not help thinking that the Croatian plea of oppression—so appealing—would be far more so if all Croats were, physically, mentally, and morally, as attractive as is my landlady.

Slav opposition to Italian aims is even more economic than political. While some Slavs concede that the city of Fiume, taken by itself, might logically be under Italian political control, they contend that you cannot separate a city from its hinterland; and in this case, that hinterland, pure Slav in population, surrounds the city. Of course the inhabitants of the hinterland want to control Fiume. They come sharply against the boundary of the city proper. I am living on that boundary—that is to say, on a boulevard at the city's extreme southern limit, bounded by a river, along which runs our boulevard. Across the river lies the suburb of Susak (Italian, Sussak). The Croats pronounce it Shooshak. The Italians were much perturbed when they heard that the head of the American contingent was living in a boarding-house in the exclusively Croat suburb of Susak.

Fiume is the port for northern Croatia and much of Slovenia, still farther north, but specially for their former sovereigns, Hungary and Austria respectively. Fiume is entirely developed as a harbor. Practically as good Croatian harbors, Beccari and Segna, exist farther south. Hence some Croats have proposed that, if the Peace Conference did assign Fiume to Italy, it should not do so until Italy agreed to give equal economic rights at Fiume to Croatia for, say, ten years, when one of the other harbors would presumably have been developed.

Jugoslavia should consist of Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Montenegro, and above all Serbia. Some of these states are most directly served by Dalmatian, Montenegrin, and Albanian harbors.

But the Government of Jugoslavia is unfortunately as yet only a government on paper. Serbia—as if she were the Prussia of the combination—insists that Jugoslavia shall be apparently a Greater Serbia under her royal house, instead of a confederation under nobody's royal house—the only form of government to which many Montenegrins and many Croats will submit. Every one, the Italians included, wishes Jugoslavia well, and hopes that a new state, like Switzerland, may emerge. There can be no such assurance for its creation and continuance, however, as exists in the case of Czechoslovakia.

Croatian commerce consists mostly in the exportation of timber; Croatia is rich in it. But this trade, the Italians assert, amounts to less than ten per cent of the total. The principal use of Fiume is in the transit of goods to and from Central Europe. It thus occupies a distinctly international position. Recognizing this, some of the more broad-minded Croats would agree not to demand the port purely for themselves, but simply that it be made a free port under Allied control. Or, if not that, then a *modus vivendi* should be reached with Italy as above indicated.

THE ITALIANS

So much for the Slav. Now for the Italian. You journey from Venice to Trieste through villages ruined by the war, some of them indeed entirely shot away. You see immense heaps of rusty barbed wire. Along the Piave, Tagliamento, and Isonzo Rivers, which you cross, are hundreds of graveyards. Here it was where Italy lost half a million men, killed in defending humanity and decency and in regaining the lands which should be hers. The snowy Alps to the north are now Italy's frontiers. She has redeemed the province of Trent, where nine out of every ten men have always been Italian. She has redeemed the Italian-looking and Italian-speaking city of Trieste. She has gained possession of the provinces of Gorizia and Istria, where Italian influence is predominant. One might think that this would satisfy her. But no, she wants to unite *all* her children under one roof.

Hence she wants the city of Fiume, of whose 60,000 population, so a Fiuman municipal official told me, two-thirds are Italian, a sixth Slav, and the remaining sixth mixed. To confirm this preponderance, I walked everywhere in the city yesterday, specially in the sparsely settled quarters, where at least the little children would not be withheld from speaking their mother tongue. Yet everywhere I heard only Italian. I was well prepared, therefore, for my official's conclusion: "As between Italians and Croats there is no question as to where the city's political control should be. It should be with the Italians."

For three centuries this official's family has been prominent in Fiume. He continued: "Would that President Wilson could have visited Fiume before he decided against Italy! He would have seen that if a vote were to be taken here under his exclusive direction—and I wish it might be—the result would be overwhelmingly for union with Italy. He would also see that Fiume is not the only Slav outlet in these parts, as he seems to think. There is no reason why the Croatian ports south of us should not be developed; moreover, the Italians would doubtless grant compensating privileges to the Slavs of whatever nationality during the time of development."

He added: "Speaking of Slavs, you Americans often make the mistake of saying 'Slav' when you mean only Croat, Slovene, or Serb. Now our feeling in Fiume (and we sent many a man to aid the Entente) towards our allies in the war—the Serbs and Montenegrins—is perfectly friendly. But our feeling is of course the same as Italy's towards her Slav enemies—the Slovenes, Croats, and Bosnians—who fought fiercely and barbarously against Italy to the very last moment of the war. That feeling is naturally resentful and unfriendly. How would *you* like it, Signore, if your enemies, the Germans, after their atrocities with regard to the Lusitania and other boats, asked you to give them a port in America?"

Only comparatively recently have the Italians realized that, economically, the possession of Fiume by any one other than themselves might endanger the commercial existence of Trieste itself. Won by the advantages to be obtained from the Slavs, were they in control, or from the certain advantages to be obtained were Fiume a free port, the great Croatian banks and transportation agencies at Trieste would move to Fiume. (And the American gains a new opinion of Croatian power when he sees the number and size of its financial and commercial institutions at Trieste.) This new economic view of Fiume's potential importance, contrasted with that of Trieste, may possibly account for some of the government-fostered, rapid rise of Fiuman sentiment in Italy, which, of course, rests primarily on a question of honor to race loyalty.

When, in 1915, at a critical moment for the Entente forces, Italy entered the war, Fiume was hardly mentioned compared with the Trentino, for instance, as something to be redeemed. As soon, however as the Trentino and other districts were redeemed, the world in general learned that the Entente Allies would deny justice to Italy unless she had Fiume too. A street poster reads as follows:

> AUGUST 1914
> By Italian neutrality Italy saved France
>
> MAY 1915
> By entering the war Italy saved Europe
>
> WINTER 1915
> In Albania, Italy saved the Serb army
>
> OCTOBER 1917
> Italy saved herself
>
> SPRING 1918
> On the fields of France Italy stopped the invader at Bligny
>
> OCTOBER 1918
> At Vittorio Veneto Italy gave the decisive blow to the Austro-Germans
>
> APRIL 1919
> The Entente Governments deny justice to Italy!

THE FRENCH

Opposition to Italy has not come from the Slav alone. The other day at Rome a high governmental authority gave me a more comprehensive view of the situation. I was told that opposition to the Italian aim has also come from France and England.

That from France is due to the fact that the French have always been jealous of a possible Italian commercial preponderance in the Mediterranean. But Genoa went on gaining over Marseilles. Naples helped. Now Trieste has come in. Shall

Fiume be added too? "Not if those who run French finance can help it. They will secretly work to check Italy, no matter how smooth the French papers may be to us," said my informant, who then proceeded to pay respects to the British.

THE BRITISH

Fiume is an established port for British lines; I saw their offices here yesterday. Those British companies want to keep this port free from the oppressive harbor regulations and tariffs of other ports. My informant, who is close to the secrets of the Sonnino Cabinet, remarked: "In my belief, the English steamship lines have supplied the writers for at least two of the most powerful papers in Great Britain with money enough to spread abroad Slav propaganda, not because they like the Slav, save as he is more easy-going, but with the one aim of making Fiume as undisturbed a source of British profit as possible."

And yet, on the other hand, it might appear as if the British were working with the Italians. For the protection of law and order on the upper Adriatic, menaced by the Italo-Croatian situation, the Entente Allies assigned last November the guarding of the ports of Cattaro to the French, Spalato to the Americans, Pola to the Italians—the Allies being thus careful not to assign to the Italians Fiume, the place of greatest danger; Fiume was given to the English, and the English have had a long record of success in dealing with such situations. They have a battalion of a thousand men here. I hear the attitude and service of those men commended by Croats, Italians, and Americans alike. We have also had a supplementary force here headed by Major Furlong. In this capacity he was present the other day when, in the beautiful Palazzo Municipio, the city authorities solemnly proclaimed again the annexation of Fiume, in so far as they could sanction it, to Italy. General Grazioli, the ranking official among the Allies here, in his address of acknowledgment, thus alluded to the American official:

> Without the slightest provocation to any one, and with absolute respect to the sentiments of others, I wish that the valorous American official, to whom I have the honor of offering the hospitality of my palace and whom I welcome here as a witness of your tenacious Italian determination, could telegraph to Paris and to the whole world that the Italy here in Fiume is only the pure and simple affirmation of an evident right entirely conciliatory with the rights and opinions of other peoples.

That the English have permitted the presence here of an officer of higher rank than any of theirs, the Italians thus being apparently in supreme command on shore (as the Italian admiral seems to be among the Allied war-vessels at anchor in the port), might indicate that the British Government does not altogether sympathize with the pro-Croat position taken by the newspapers mentioned, even though it might not consent to a complete Italian control of Fiume.

PRESIDENT WILSON

Finally, there is President Wilson. His proclamations have cheered the Croats and correspondingly embittered the Italians. A great Roman lady said to me the other day, "*Io vorrei gettarlo dalla rocca tarpeia*" (I would like to throw him off the Tarpeian Rock). But this is not all. The ignorant and simple interpret a minority President's personal opinion in terms of America as a whole. Hence we have been advised by some American officials not to go out more than necessary, and, when we do, not to speak English. I have heard of no American harmed, but I have overheard many unpleasant remarks. Even the usually courteous Italian officials were tart at first when I applied to the *carabinieri* (the military police) at Trieste for a permit to visit Fiume—of all places! The officer in charge, examining my passport, ironically said: "Ah, you come from the country of our friend Wilson," but quietly added: "Well, Wilson is not all America. We blame Wilson, not America. His is simply the personal opinion of an American unfamiliar with Europe but conscientiously trying to solve the most delicate of European problems. Of course your President doubtless wants to do justice all round. But we feel that your people, as a whole, do not accuse us, as he does, of imperialism just because we want to have an outlying part of real Italy in the same house with the rest of Italy."

On October 18, 1918, the month before the armistice came, Andrea Ossoinack, the last Deputy from Fiume to sit in the Hungarian Parliament at Budapest, reported to it the spontaneous decision of the people to belong to Italy. On October 30 the Fiumani repelled the Croatian attempt to conquer them, the Croatians still fighting for the Central Powers, and again proclaimed the Fiuman will to be annexed to Italy. "Indeed, they have always wanted to be united to the Italians," Signor Ossoinack asserted. "To deny to Fiume this right is to violate the principle of self-determination laid down by President Wilson himself."

Another remarked: "We have reason to believe that your President came to his decision months ago. He has been cruel to us in not making his opinion known sooner, and especially after ostentatiously coming to Italy as her friend and accepting the King's hospitality last January."

Another said: "That which Germany did not succeed in getting by war Signor Wilson thinks he can get by peace. If Italy had bowed to his word, she would not only have abandoned her proper right but would have sanctioned further American interference. We wish to check that interference. Why should you get mixed up in our problems, anyway? You would not like us to impose ourselves in America."

As to this particular issue, the President's proclamation to the Italian people was tantamount, they thought, to disputing the authority of their delegates at Paris. The net result at Rome is the convening of Parliament, which overwhelmingly supports the Italian delegates. The net result is that the Italians, being on top because of greater numbers here, and the Slavs, expecting to be on top, not only because of greater numbers in the country but specially because of the Wilson encouragement, are more than ever ready to fly at one another's throats. Last night we had half an hour of shooting right out in the street below. My landlady came rushing into the parlor crying: "*La guerra è ricominciata! La guerra è ricominciata! Tutti in Susak si piangono*" (The war has begun again! The war has begun again! All Susak weeps and complains)—which meant an Italian onslaught. To-day it is hard to decide which side provoked the fray. Anyway, the Italians have increased their contingent here, and one of our officers from Trieste, who had just arrived, reports having seen Italian guns newly mounted on the outskirts of Fiume.

Fiume has long resisted Croatian aggression. In 1776 we Americans were not the only ones who struggled for independence. The Fiumani did too. In that year the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria assigned Fiume to Croatia—just as President Wilson would do to-day. After three years of resistance, the Fiumans obtained a charter from the Empress reuniting them to Hungary, but according them full autonomy. A century later Croatian domination was again imposed and thrown off. A Fiuman official showed me a Hungarian bank-note and said: "See the Hungarian crown. It is supported by various coats of arms, and one of them is that of Fiume. Hungary thus saw the need of recognizing our independent spirit." I replied that Fiume impressed me as having the independent spirit of the old Greek and Italian cities, and asked, "Why not make it an independent republic under Italian influence, like San Marino?" "Ah, that would be the ideal solution," he answered. "*Una repubblica fiumana*—a Fiuman republic."

Mr. John Mitchell, a Scotchman, has lived sixteen years in Trieste. He is the director of the Jutificio Triestino, a great jute factory. He speaks from an intimate experience of the needs of the various people using Adriatic ports. He thinks that the only solution for the peace of the whole region lies in giving Italy political control of the city proper of Fiume, and in making its port free, like Hamburg, with advantages to all alike. This, I find, is also the general opinion among other foreign observers who enjoy any detached point of view from which they can see the whole situation.

The main thing is to do justice and to avoid another war. To do justice the Peace Conference must assure entire economic freedom to the new and untried Jugoslavia. To avoid another war it must not create any more Italia Irredenta. It can do both. Will it?

More than this, Fiume forms the first incident to prove whether a Society of Nations can be a going concern or not. Most of us are sure that it can be.

Fiume, April 28, 1919.

VACATIONS WITH A CAMERA

BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

MEMBER EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS OF AMERICA

ILLUSTRATED WITH SIX PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ALL sorts of vacations are good, but the vacation that has an avocation attached to it is peculiarly delightful. There is a zest to such a vacation that unalloyed loafing fails to give. And of all the avocations, that of the devotee of the camera is perhaps the most alluring. If he doesn't take it too seriously, it is an unfailing source of amusement. The puzzles as to light and shade, proper exposure, focusing, etc., give him untiring themes for thinking and talking about. Getting "natives" to pose for him, or taking them unawares, gives him a chance to make acquaintance with their peculiarities which he would otherwise never have. And if he pursues the hobby long enough, he may even learn something about Art—at any rate, he may learn to look at pictures with a new interest. Inspecting art galleries is sure to take up considerable of one's time in foreign countries, especially if one has the advantage of seeing them with an art-loving wife. So that anything that helps to an appreciation of pictures is a gain. Even if the camera devotee always remains a mere snap-shotter, his prints will invariably bring vividly before him in after years the scenes of his outing trips. The cost—well, it will probably not amount to as much as the cigars or cigarettes that the average man burns up with complete nonchalance. If, however, he develops into a "camera bug," the devotee may amuse himself by spending anything within reason, or out of it, on boxes, lenses, enlarging apparatus, and equipment generally.

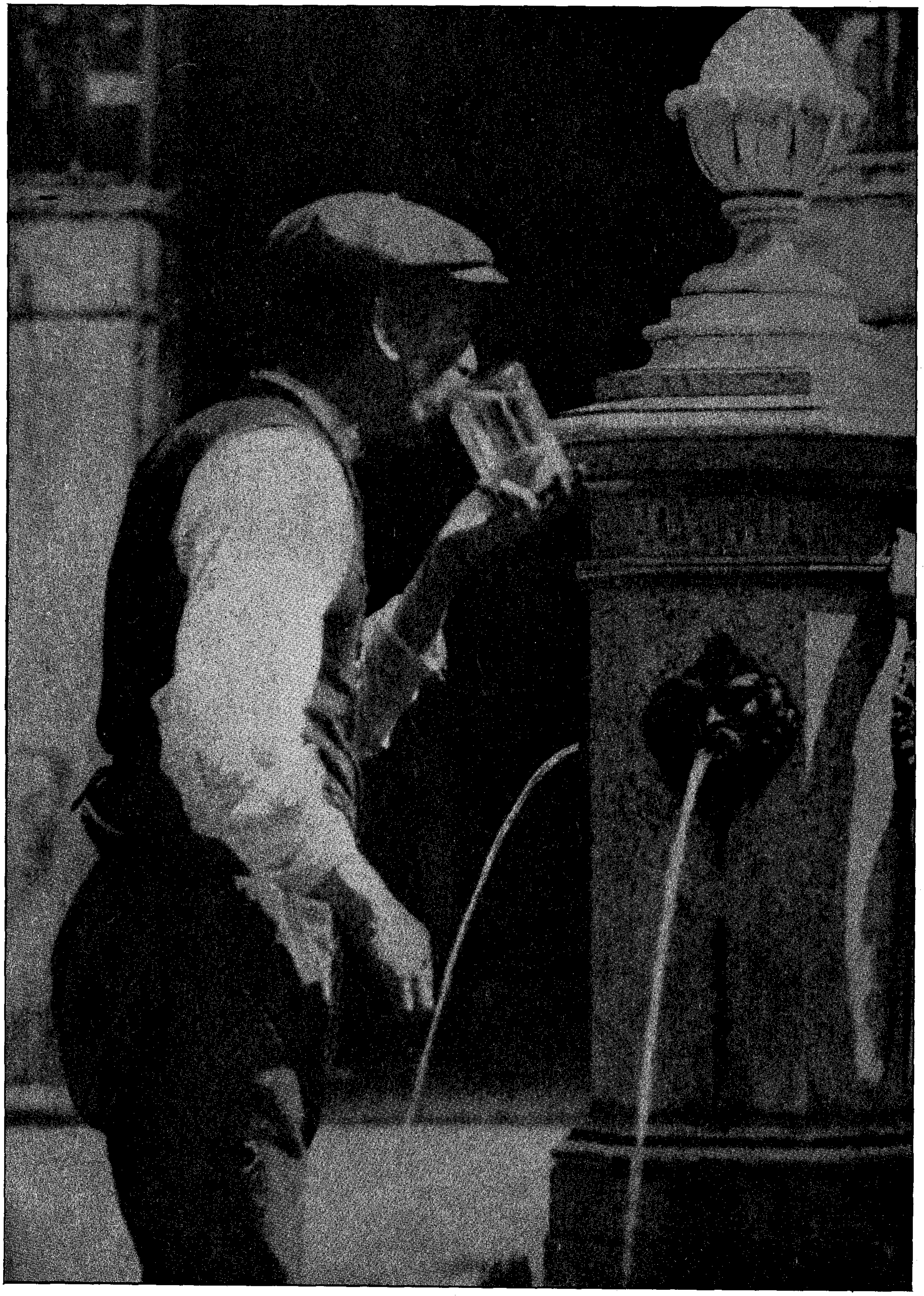
I started my vacations with a camera back in the days when that seductive announcement first began to appear—"You press the button, we do the rest." I bought a five-dollar camera that carried a roll of film, a dozen exposures in all, of about the size of a silver dollar. This I took with me on a trip on the Great Lakes from Buffalo to Duluth. This trip was something of a novelty then, and there were two great steamers that made it, carrying passenger traffic exclusively—the Northwest and the Northland. I took a lot of snaps of these ships and of the whalebacks and other strange craft that were encountered, the big docks at the Soo, etc. Some of these little photographs were accepted with an article that I wrote about the trip for a magazine—and I was fairly started on the picture-making road.

I have always carried a camera of some kind with me since that time. Sometimes I have taken one of the cheapest sort, and sometimes one of the expensive reflex variety; and I am bound to say that the photographs of the cheap camera are likely to turn out about as well as those made with the costly instrument. I refer, of course, to those depicting outdoor scenes. For indoor use a more elaborate apparatus is needed for serious work. With a three-dollar camera I once made a lucky snap that was valued so highly by one of the best known of American pictorial photographers that he offered to exchange any one of his best prints for a copy of it, and then honored it by giving it a prominent place in his showcase. And I have made scores of photographs with the same camera that were "punk"—just as I have done with the high-priced reflex. For I believe that nobody can tell exactly what he has "got" when he uses his camera, of whatever price, until his exposure has stood the test of developing and printing. One of the pioneers of pictorial photography in this country—a woman—once remarked to me, "If I get one 'picture' out of a dozen exposures, I count myself lucky."

Of course experience helps a lot in this as in everything else, but there are so many factors in the making of a good photographic picture, of which the camera is only one, that the result of an exposure can never be predicted with certainty. "What a fine lens you must have!" is recognized by good camerists as a remark derogatory to their skill. It is not the lens, any more than it is a paint-pot, that produces a picture. A skilled photographer can, indeed, produce a charming picture without any lens whatever—using a pinhole in a piece of cardboard to reflect the image on his plate.

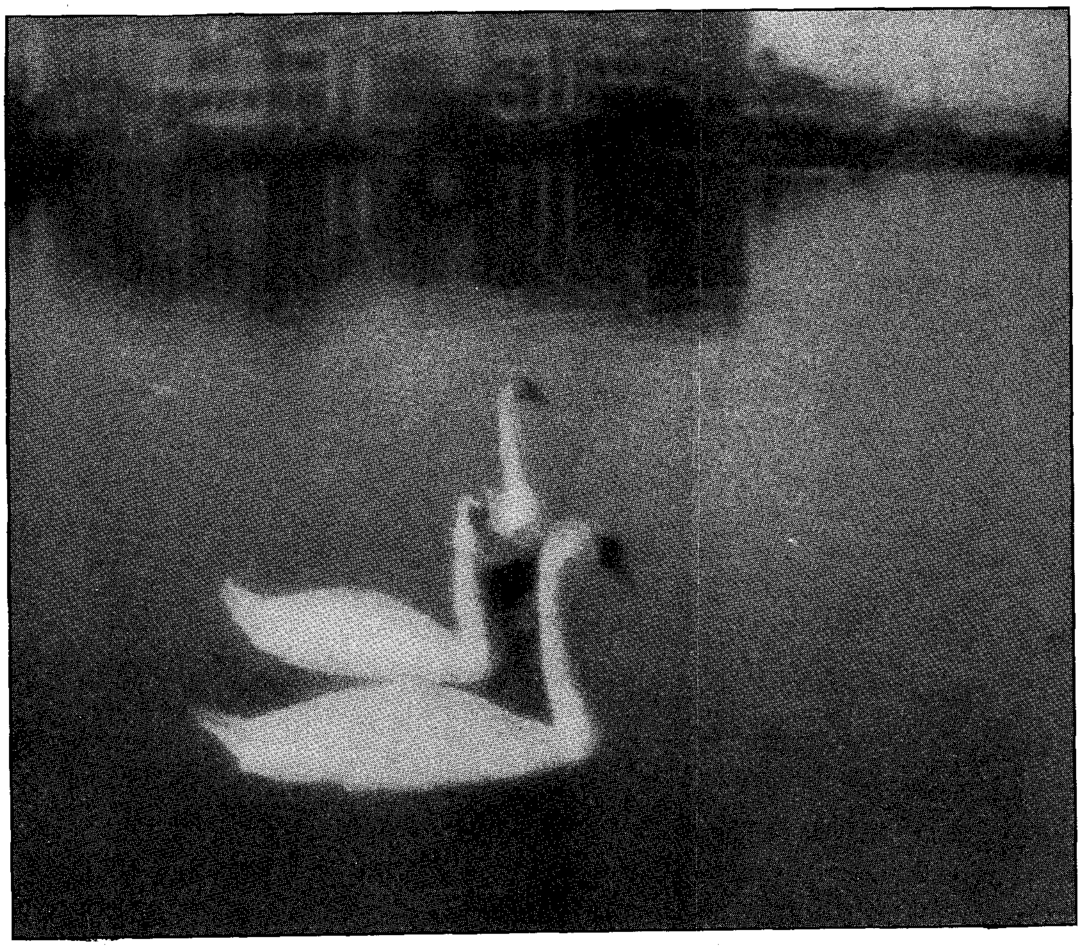
Of course I am not decrying the use of the large, expensive camera with a high-priced anastigmatic lens—it is all right in its place and in the right hands. But for a vacation one ought not to be a pack-horse for carrying photographic equipment. So, I say, take with you a small camera using films, which you can expose freely without depleting your pocketbook too much, and then, if you get some "pictures," you can easily make enlargements from these small films that will bring them up to a respectable size. Use these films freely, study the effects of light and shade, see a good photographic exhibition occasionally to keep yourself from getting too greatly elated at your successes, read a good book on composition now and then, and your vacations with a camera will show photographic results that will give you genuine pleasure and make your friends keen for souvenirs of your skill.

The four years of war are over, and the camera-user will soon again be welcome in Europe. That is the land of picturesque castles, bridges, towers, fountains, and monuments, all waiting to be made into pictures by the American tourist. It is also the land of varied and pictorial costumes, worn by people who are usually well disposed toward the kodak carrier. I remember a kindly French priest, who, when he saw me trying to take a hurried snapshot of him, stopped and offered to pose for me at my leisure. One has many such joyous memories. But we have no need to travel abroad for good subjects for camera work. "The angel sought so far away is waiting at your door." Childhood is everywhere, waiting for a picture. So are summer girls. And America's scenery—ought we not to have a new "Picturesque America" made up of photographs? Why not begin one for yourself?



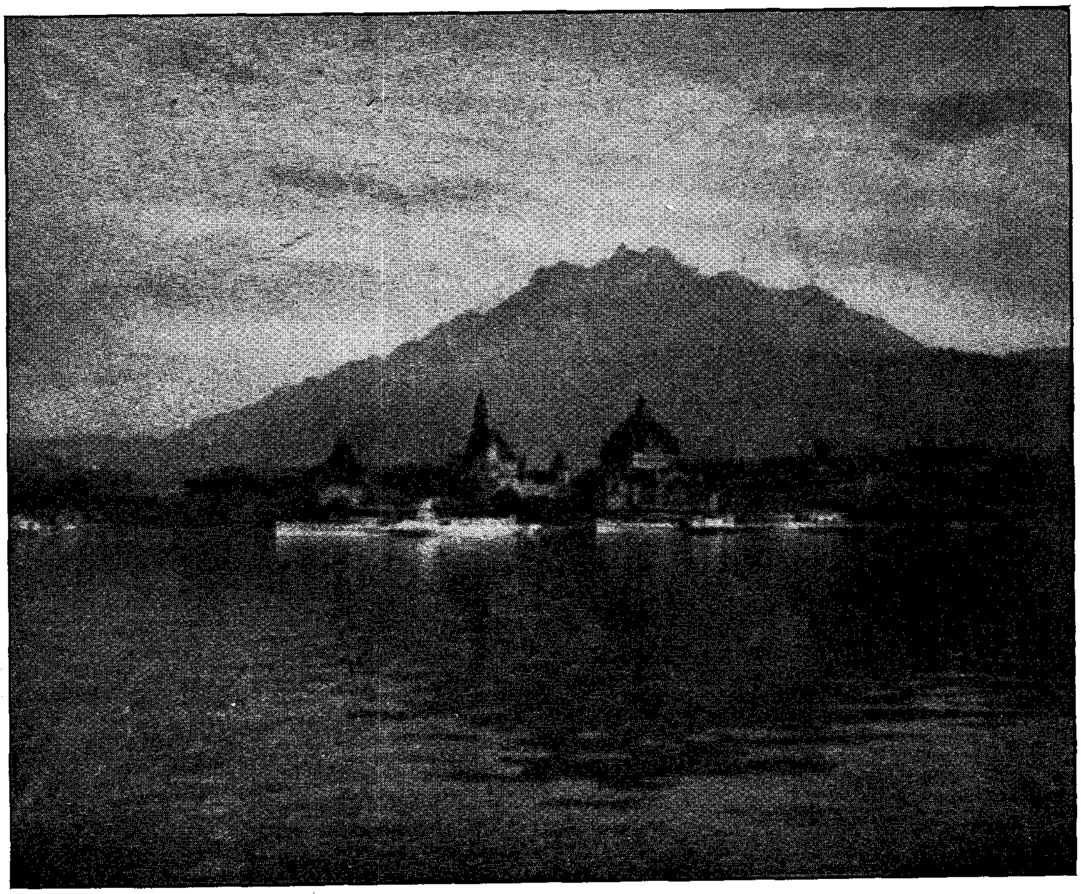
A COOL DRINK FROM A PUBLIC FOUNTAIN IN VENICE

Made with a Graflex 4 x 5 camera, film, 1-40 second exposure, enlarged with Goerz lens; printed on Japan tissue paper



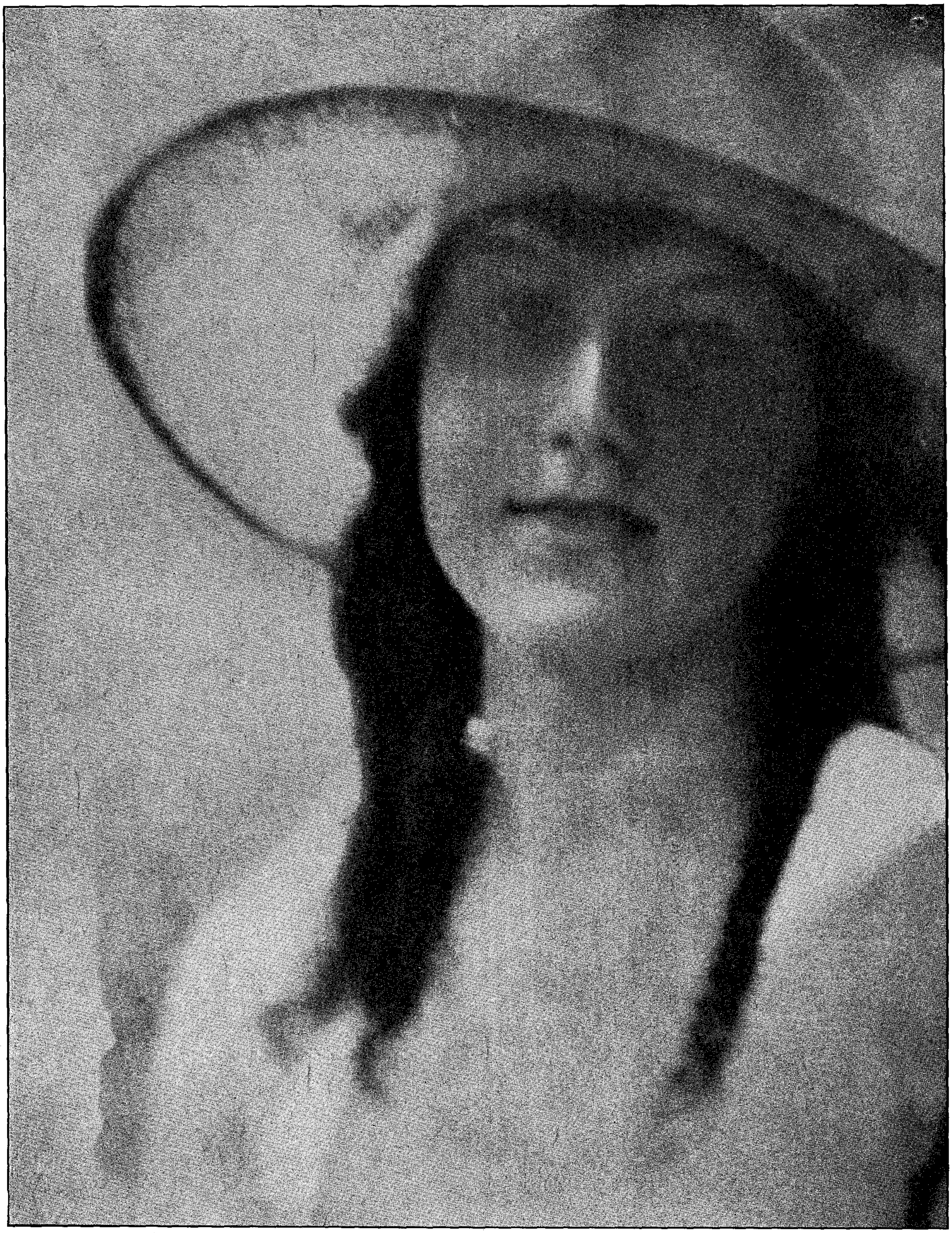
THE SWANS—ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY

A snapshot with a Brownie 3¼ x 4¼ film camera, 1-25 second exposure; enlarged with soft focus lens



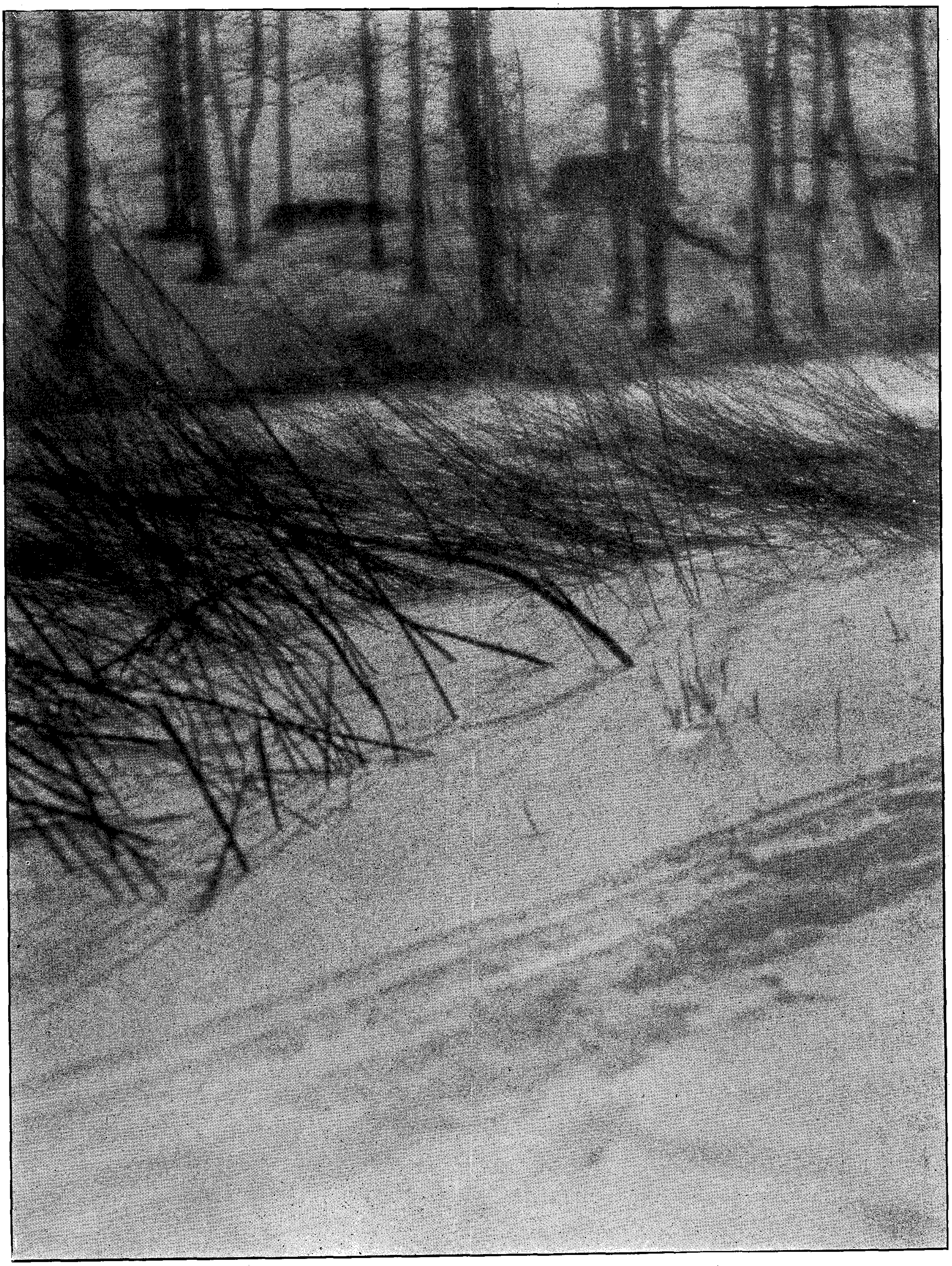
MOUNT PILATUS—LAKE LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND

Made with a folding kodak, 4 x 5, film, 1-25 second exposure; enlarged with soft focus lens



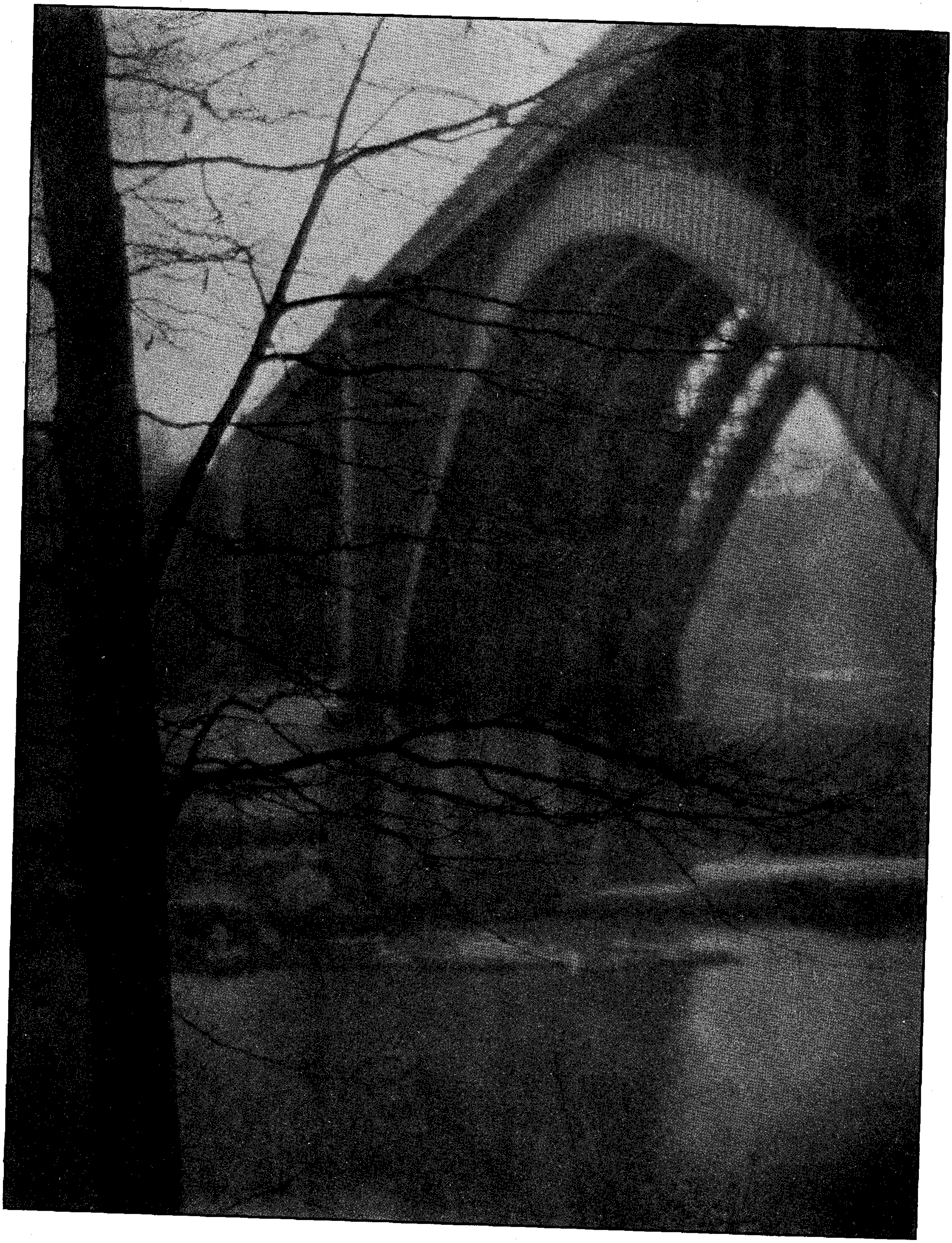
A SUMMER GIRL

Outdoor portrait made with a Graflex 4 x 5 camera, 1-25 second exposure; enlarged with soft focus lens; printed on Japan tissue paper



A SNOWY ROAD—CANARSIE

Made with an 8 x 10 view camera, soft focus lens; printed on platinum paper



WASHINGTON BRIDGE

Made with an 8 x 10 view camera, soft focus lens; printed on platinum paper

NEW YORK CITY

THE STARWARD TRAIL

BY DANIEL HENDERSON

"Tennyson's dream of an aerial fleet—
Pooh! An idle bard's conceit!"

Thus we mocked the pioneers
Plotting highways to the spheres!

Thus we clung to humdrum things
And scorned their lore of winds and wings!

Foolish it seemed to us to mark
The sudden rise of the meadow-lark!

How could mankind hope to follow
The falcon's swoop, the flight of a swallow?

While we grumbled, while we scoffed,
Still, thank God, they looked aloft!

Seaward, where a gray gull clove
Mists that curtained cape and cove,

They saw a new Columbus dare
Illimitable seas of air!

The eagle breasting the coastwise gale
Marked for them the way of the mail,

And where snow-fleeing bird tribes went
To find a tropic continent,

They saw ethereal roads astir
With many a human voyager!

"Cling to the old and flout the new!"
Age through age, the law holds true,

Yet—the Dreamer again has won!
Up, and follow his path to the sun!

A DAY WITH A NATURE GUIDE

BY ENOS A. MILLS

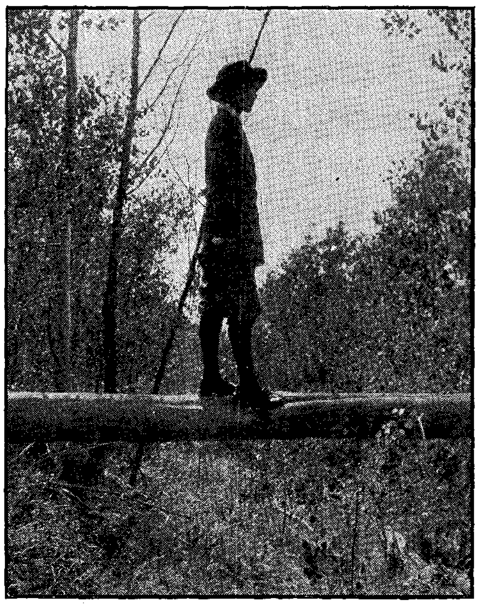
ONE morning six variously attired people, four gentlemen and two ladies, started from a hotel in the Rocky Mountain National Park with a Nature Guide. An automobile whirled them to the end of the road far up the mountain-side, where they continued afoot. They were bound for one of the "eternal" snow-drifts on the Continental Divide.

The essence of Nature Guiding is to travel gracefully rather than to arrive. This Guide tactfully put two or three at ease by convincing them that in the United States the belief in ferocious animals is a superstition. "And no one," he continued, "in this locality has ever been attacked by a wild animal." The day was perfect, but so interestingly did the Guide describe experiences in storms that every one hoped to be Rain-in-the-Face before evening.

The Guide was jollied for being silent. The party asked for rubber-neck specialties and demanded where their megaphone artist was. They were climbing in a V-shaped canyon, traveling west. Presently the Guide pointed out that the right, or north wall, rises steeply in the sun and is covered with a scattered growth of stocky, long-armed pines. The left, or south wall, which faces north, has a crowded growth of short-armed, tall spruces. In the bottom of the canyon between these closely approaching, unlike forests is a lively stream with a few accompanying firs, willows, and flowers.

Each member of the party remembered something of plant distribution, and each contributed something to the discussion concerning plant zones, slope exposures, temperature, and moisture—the determinism of ecological influences. When the scraps of information ceased, the Guide added that each canyon wall also had its special kinds of insect and mammal life.

The Nature Guide is at his best when he discusses facts so that they appeal to the imagination and to the reason, gives flesh and blood to cold facts, makes life stories of inanimate objects. He deals with principles rather than isolated information, gives biographies rather than classifications. People are out for recreation and need restful, intellectual visions, and not dull, dry facts, rules, and manuals. What the Guide said was essentially Nature literature rather than encyclopædia natural history.



MISS ESTHER A. BURNELL, THE FIRST NATURE GUIDE LICENSED BY THE GOVERNMENT

Many nature guides are women

This party being interested in the distribution of life and in erosion, the Guide made these the features of the day's excursion. In a mountain region life zones are seen side by side; the wear and tear on the earth's surface by many forces stands out unmistakably, and two or three types of erosion may, in places, be seen from one view-point.

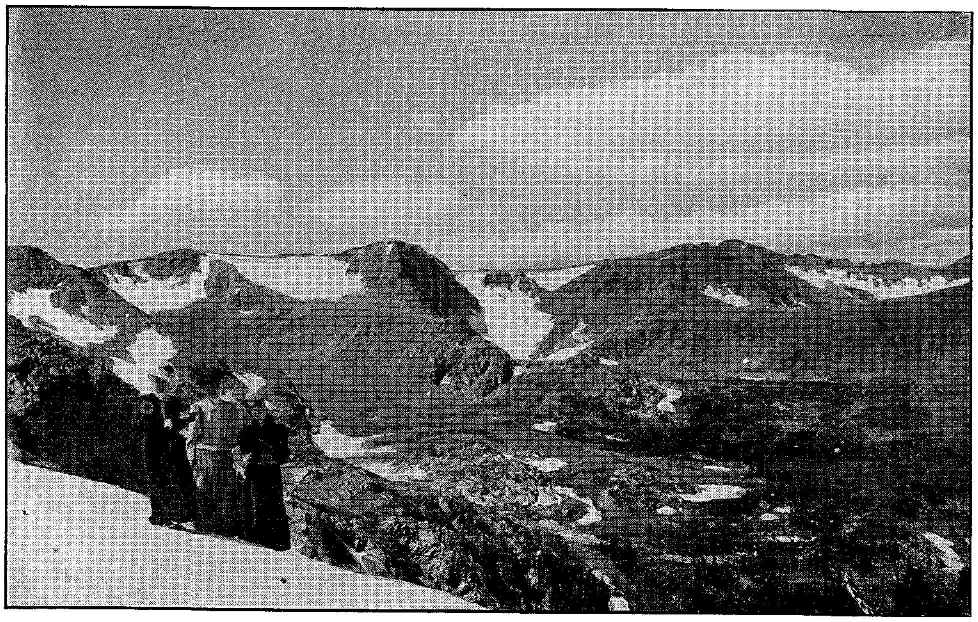
All that the Guide said concerning erosion could be set down under the heading "The Biography of a Canyon." In this the various forces of erosion—running water, frost, ice, and acid—each at work in its respective place with distinctive tools, were prying, wedging, cutting the canyon wider and deeper. Roots wedged the rocks and dissolved them with acids. But at the same time they helped also to resist these tireless forces, placing a binding, holding network of fibers. Gravity handled the transportation of dislodged material.

Each species of plant and animal is of orderly distribution, is found in places that furnish the needed temperature and moisture condition. The Guide's discussion of each living species was its autobiography: "The Story of My Life; or, How I Came to be Where I Am and What I Am." In this he gave the adventure, the customs of plant or animal, the home territory wherein it lived, its climatic zone, and all the endless and insistent play of the radical and romantic forces of evolution, environment, and ecology.

A few popular and scientific names of species were learned, but the Guide was reticent about telling plant names. His chief aim was to arouse a permanent interest in nature's ways, and this by illuminating big principles.

Climbing out of the canyon up a moderate slope just under timber-line, this party halted among the trees and remained silent for a few minutes on the edge of a small grassy opening. A deer and her two spotted fawns walked out into this, then went across into the woods.

All followed a porcupine that was lumbering across the opening, ignoring their presence. The Guide remarked that there may have been a time when the porcupine threw his quills, standing up and hurling them, he imagined, as a primitive man hurled a spear, but that the development of this animal would prevent the quills being thrown more than three or four inches. However, the other woods fellows made it their business to keep out of his way. He had long been known as "the stupidest fellow in the woods;" he is the only one who never appears to play, who has no interest in natural history, or Nature Guides either, nor the world.



ABOVE THE TIMBER-LINE

"They were above the altitude of eleven thousand feet"

Up and on they went, except a lady and a gentleman who lingered to watch porky. In the edge of the woods the Guide stopped to wait for them. Plainly panic-stricken they were, just disappearing in the woods headed north. Asking the others not to stir until he returned, the Guide dashed after them.

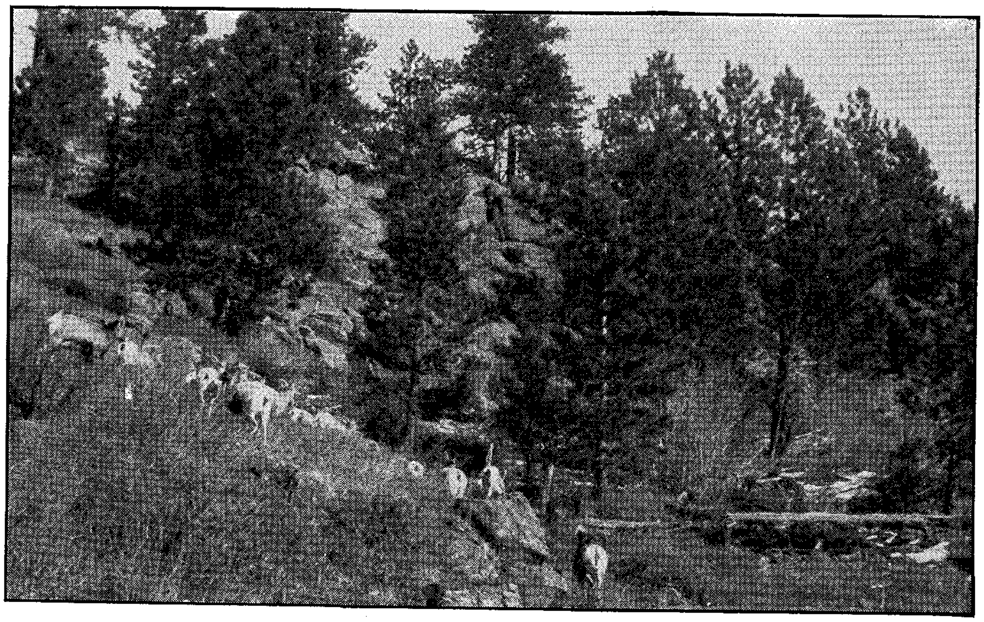
On reuniting the party the Guide discussed the necessity of all staying together. "Most people," he said, "are easily confused and lost. It is thus bad for one to forge ahead, or to turn aside, or to stay behind. Moving together is absolutely necessary for the happiness of the party."

"Once," he continued, "a capable fellow said he would go ahead and wait for us at the foot of a near-by cliff. He never reached the cliff. While looking for him others of the party scattered, and each and all were lost and remained out overnight."

A little before noon the party walked out of the uppermost edge of the woods among the dwarfed trees and distorted groves at timber-line—an aged and battered forest of trees, small and strange. They were above the altitude of eleven thousand feet.

Before them on the edge of an arctic moorland lay a snow-field about two blocks long. It appeared somewhat like uncut marble. Stained with rock dust, inlaid with wind-blown beetles and grasshoppers, its granular material lay melting in the sun. A bright flower border encircled it. This was made up of flowers of many kinds and colors, flowers with and without perfume, flowers dwarfed, and flowers on tall, stately stalks. In small compass were a variety of soil, moisture, and temperature conditions. The soil along the upper edges of the snow-field was coarse and dry, below fine and moist. Each species of plant was occupying the peculiar place in which it could best flourish or from which it could exclude competitors. It was determinism—conditions determining the distribution.

It probably is true that many of these dwarfed flowers were developed around the Arctic Circle. The Guide recounted the great ice age story—how seeds and life had been swept southward by the ice and by retreating birds and animals who gave way before the irresistible slow-moving glacier. On the mountains the seeds grew—found a home; so too the ptarmigan, in somewhat similar conditions to the old one in the Arctic. In this new colony these birds and flowers still maintain the traditions of their respective old families.



A FLOCK OF BIGHORN SHEEP

"Their wild environment has exacted of them alertness, positiveness, sharp eyes"

A picnic party usually does much talking and more eating. A sightseeing party often does things by the book and talks by comparison. A botany or a birding party is absorbed in details. But a Nature Guided party is vastly different from these. In a Nature party its members have a common interest. They are not in a hurry, they are in a mood to be human. They make intimate friendships while getting acquainted with Nature and with themselves. They take on a wider, happier outlook. All are glad to be living.

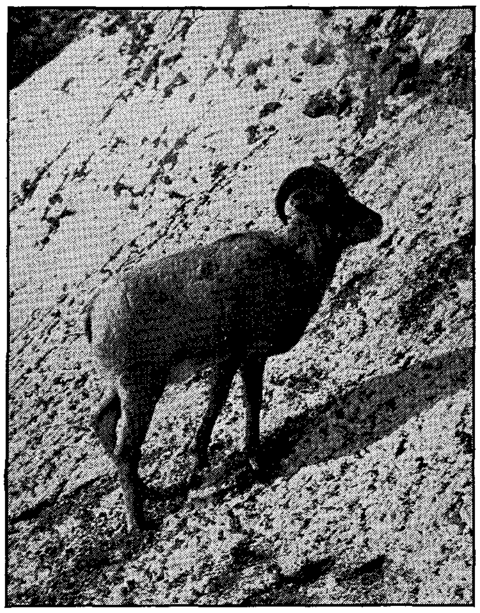
Leaving the snow-field, these people rambled along the timber-line. They saw the dwarfed trees and the deformed trees, they noted the pines that held the forest front on dry, wind-swept ridges, and the spruces that triumphed in the moist places. Timber-line has a thousand interesting stories for the visitor. Here the party lingered till near evening.

At the foot of the mountain near the automobile they examined a beaver colony and saw where sediment-filled ponds had become beaver meadows; they watched the evening antics and activities of the few beavers that commonly came forth about sundown; and at last they started for the car, discussing the beaver in history and his place in conservation.

An acquaintance with Nature is worth while. A well-known university man says: "What I wish to bring out particularly does not concern the enrichment of botanical and zoölogical knowledge, greatly important as I regard this, but rather the enlarging and liberalizing influences which Nature has on the public mind generally."

The world is beginning to appreciate the necessity of an outside interest. Fortunate is the individual who has a Nature hobby. Such an interest is known to improve health, lengthen life, and increase efficiency. An excursion with a Nature Guide may give the individual a better hobby.

On other days the interest of the Nature party was one of a varied range. Timber-line, what determines it, and the species of trees that compose it; beavers, their part in conservation and their influence on the settlement and exploration of America; parasitic plants; the story of



A BIGHORN IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

soil; the birth, life, and death of a lake; home territory of animals; wind, the great seed-sower, are among the themes sometimes discussed. Each person received a chapter in a natural history story which helped him to be eager for other chapters which he might find anywhere outdoors.

The bighorn, or wild mountain sheep, was frequently seen at close range. Why they lived in the heights among the peaks the year round was a story that ever stirred. Their scene-commanding, wild environment has exacted of them alertness, positiveness, sharp eyes, and the ability to safely play where there is much space and little substance beneath them.

In connection with schools and education field studies and classes afield are excellent. There is too little of this, and most of it is too serious and amounts almost to being an invasion of Nature, with the miserly intent of amassing facts. The romance and the vision possible usually are overlooked. Nature casts no spell, gives no new landscapes to the student's life. Field studies are chiefly concerned with acquiring facts; Nature Guiding, with giving new landscapes and reaching the imagination.

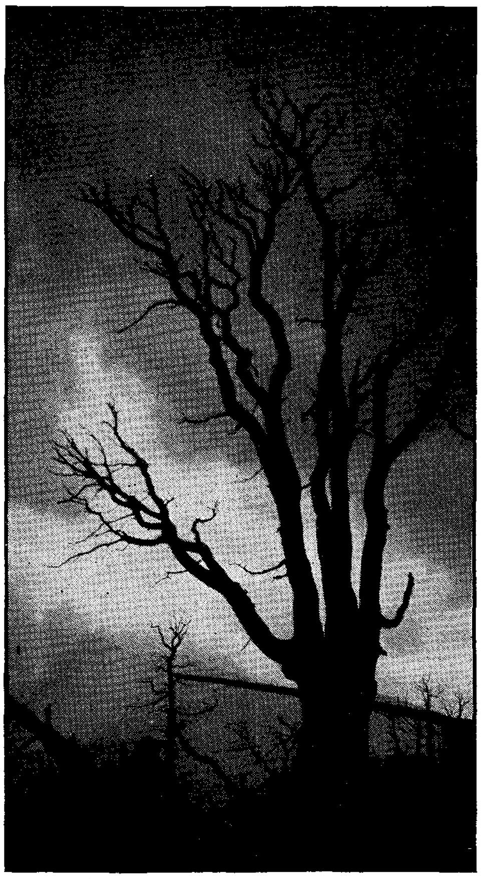
A few people for years have practiced Nature Guiding occasionally. It has made good, and it has a place in National life. It carries with it health, new ideas, and inspiration. Last year Nature Guiding was given a definite place in several of the National parks by the Government's licensing a number of Nature Guides to conduct people through the wilds. A Nature Guide is an interpreter of geology, botany, zoölogy, and natural history. Nature ever is liberalizing, and the Nature Guide is one of the forces moving for the newer education and for the ideal of internationalism.

Nature Guiding is a magnificent field for young people who are well equipped and who have a vision. Many Guides are young women. Some one has called the imagination the supreme intellectual faculty, and Nature Guiding aims chiefly to appeal to this. Thus rainy days and night trips are recommended because on these the things seen are few and most strange, incomplete, and suggestive.

Nature Guiding is not like sightseeing or the scenery habit. The Guide sometimes takes his party to a commanding view-point or a beautiful spot. But views are incidental. The aim is to illuminate and reveal the alluring world outdoors by introducing determining influences and the respondent tendencies.

A Nature Guide should have imagination. He should be able to discuss the essentials in concise, suggestive statements, but generally remain silent. He should have a knowledge of human nature.

Children enthusiastically enjoy a day with a Nature Guide, and fortunate the child who can have a number of these excursions. They are thought-compelling, interest-arousing. Children are led after the manner of old people. They must not be talked down to. The Guide may enter a little more intimately into their joys, perhaps, making slight readjustment to their tastes. As a rule the imagination of children is more readily and definitely fired than that of older people.



AT THE TIMBER-LINE
"They saw the dwarfed trees and the deformed trees"

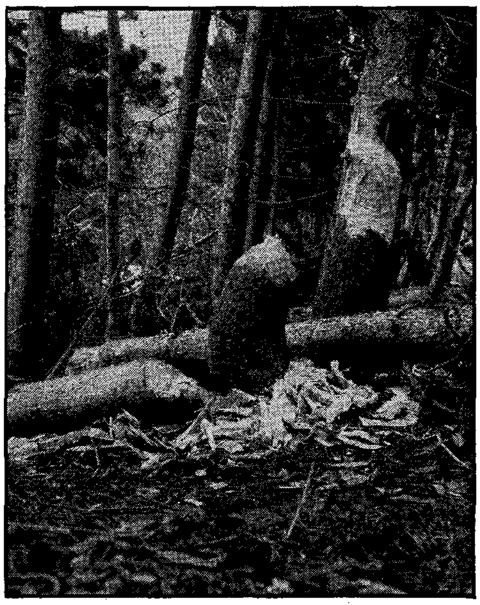
One day a Guide was out with several children under eight years of age. They discussed a double-topped spruce. They learned that the former single top was broken off and that the two topmost twigs then bent upwards and raced for leadership. They had run a dead heat, as it were, and both of them became the leaders. During the remainder of the day the children often spotted a double-topped tree. The cones of trees were noticed, and, of course, the cones of the balsam fir caused comment because these stood upon the limbs instead of hanging from them.

In a small area where a forest fire had swept fifteen years before a few live veteran trees had survived. An examination of two of these revealed old fire scars. One of these scars indicated that the tree had been injured by the fire of fifteen years before and by another fire of eighty-seven years previous. A few young aspens and thousands of young lodge-pole seedlings were starting. Why the lodge-pole pines were the first to start in the burned-over area was a question that brought out a discussion concerning what trees were commonly the first to appear in a cleared or burned-over area, and why. Only a few species of young trees thrive in the sunlight; others need shade in which to start. This principle appealed to the children.

An old seed-hoarding lodge-pole on the edge of the burned area was surrounded. It had borne a crop of cones each year for seventeen years. All of these cones, unopened, clung thickly over its limbs. A few days before, the Guide had led a party of older people over precisely the route followed by these children. He had talked to both parties similarly, but apparently the children had more deep and lasting enjoyment out of the day.

John Muir is said to have been an almost ideal Nature Guide. He reached both the young and the old. His botany and geology commonly were in the nature of a story. The past struggles and triumphs of the plant, its present influences, its response to environment, its relation to ourselves, were artistically mingled with the essential facts of its life.

Nature Guiding need not be confined to National parks. Fabre has shown monsters and hundreds of little stirring people co-operating or battling in every growth-filled space. City parks and the wild places near cities and villages are near thousands of people and are excellent places for the cultural and inspiring excursions with Nature Guides. There might well be Nature Guides in every locality in the land.



TWO LODGE-POLE PINES CUT BY BEAVERS
Rarely does a beaver cut a pine

THE FUTURE OF AERONAUTICS

BY ALAN R. HAWLEY

PRESIDENT OF THE AERO CLUB OF AMERICA

PRECEDENTS of great historic value are being established in aeronautics. For instance, not long ago steps were taken to establish the first air port in the history of the world. The purposes are interesting from a historic view-point as well as for the indications which they give of the progress of developments in aeronautics. Aircraft starting from this air port can be registered under the rules of the Aircraft Inspection Service of the Department of Commerce, having clearance papers just as the ships of the sea have.

This port will be located at Atlantic City and will be a point of departure for transatlantic liners—ocean planes, transcontinental land planes, and large rigid dirigibles which in the future may even have sufficient power to circumnavigate the globe. An ideal airship port would be an airdrome about one mile square; a double airship shed capable of housing two great dirigibles a thousand feet long; a mooring tower with bow mooring gear; mechanical handling gear for transferring the airship from the mooring tower to the shed; hydrogen generating plants and storage tanks; workshops, stores, meteorological building and wireless, telegraph, telephone, and direction signal station which would be to aircraft what the lighthouse is to marine commerce.

The mooring tower should be one hundred and fifty feet high, with a revolving head to which the airship can be fastened by its nose clear to swing around in accordance with the direction of the wind, just as a ship would swing at its moorings or anchor. Fuel and hydrogen pipes would be connected to the ship and a gangway for passengers to enter after having been brought up in an elevator from the ground. Large dirigibles have been projected in England that would have a capacity of three hundred tons and contain ten million feet of gas, with cabins for passengers on the upper side, and motive power to propel them at a speed of eighty miles an hour. Passenger rates between New York and London have been figured at £48, or $240, and the time between New York and London would be two to two and a half days, or one-half of the time of the fastest steamers. It is interesting to compare these figures with the fare figured for airplane travel, which is £115, or $585, but the journey would be accomplished in one-half the time, although the accommodations would not be so luxurious, and even the largest airplanes would be very much smaller than the airships.

It is very interesting to see how our ideas of time and distance must be entirely revised and changed on account of this new method of transportation, because we have already had flights from London to India of 5,800 miles in a little over fifty hours flying time; many flights from London to Cairo in a day and a half, and routes have been laid out between London and Colombo, four and a half days; to Perth, seven days; to Nairobi, three and a half days; to Cape Town, five and a half days; and to Rio de Janeiro, four days. Here in the United States Major T. C. Macaulay has flown from coast to coast in twenty hours flying time; from San Diego to Jacksonville, making a speed of 137 miles per hour on the major part of his journey. He has flown altogether 5,500 miles in forty-four hours fifteen minutes. Two squadrons of Army planes have flown from San Diego to Mineola and return, and we have many official reports of journeys between four and five thousand miles.

One of the most important transportation lines projected in this country is to run between Los Angeles, San Diego, and Riverside, in California, using Martin twin-motored machines, charging $25 a trip between Los Angeles and San Diego, and $12.50 between Los Angeles and Riverside. The general charges for training in this country have been $1.50 a minute, and for passenger flights at about a dollar a minute. Very soon the airplane tariff will be on the basis of fifty cents a mile a minute, and the new element of time will enter into transportation figures. In the case of very high salaried and Government officials transportation expense sinks into insignificance, while the ordinary traveling public might consider it expensive. Many will be attracted by the novelty of flying, and on special routes tourists will be attracted by the exceptional opportunities offered to view grand and magnificent scenery from the heavens.

When we have seen in America large dirigibles arrive from Europe, and now that the crossing of the Atlantic by airplane is a record of history, the development of the aircraft itself will continue to make these feats, at first hazardous, become commonplace, and all the luxuries of travel will be added, together with the advantages which aerial travel offers. Aerial routes are laid out without curve or grade, thus shortening the distances to be accomplished materially and enabling aircraft to rise above storms into regions of sunshine and when passing over deserts to rise to cooler temperatures, and in many cases to take advantage of favorable air currents, as the ships of the sea are favored by the trade winds which blow regularly over the surface of the earth. The high atmosphere is pure and free from dust and the immense spaces will prevent congestion.

One of the most important and one of the first commercial developments in aeronautics no doubt will be its use for aerial photography, giving both plan views of cities, factories, shore lines, and docks, as well as oblique views which give the perspective and the "bird's-eye" view which usually convey so much more than an ordinary surface photograph. The Forestry Commission of New York State has already arranged for taking photographs of the Adirondack Mountains, thus giving it detailed information which it could obtain in no other way and covering regions almost impassable by any other mode of locomotion. In the great Western forests special timber can be located, such as trees suitable for great masts of ships; fire areas, swamp areas, and the condition of growth can be easily and clearly seen.

The second Pan-American Aeronautic Convention, held at Atlantic City under the auspices of the Aero Club of America and the Aerial League of America, brought out many new phases of the commercial side of this large subject, and chief among them were the interesting developments in the possibilities of the aerial mail service, which has been in operation over one year between New York and Washington and which has carried more than two hundred thousand pounds of mail, representing eight million letters, with absolute regularity. The same six planes, equipped with the same engines which were used a year ago, are still in service.

On May 15, 1919, Lieutenant J. C. Edgerton, who piloted the first aerial mail plane into Washington from New York, and who is now Chief of Flying Operations of the Post Office Department, flew the same airplane and motor which he flew just one year before. Several of the planes had a record of over two hundred flying hours and fourteen thousand miles of flying per plane through all sorts of weather—snow-storms and wind gales—conclusively proving the feasibility of commercial flying.

The recently formed aerial police of New York City is another indication of the importance of aeronautics in civil life. They are under the guidance of Colonel Jefferson De Mont Thompson, Major S. Herbert Mapes, and Major Granville A. Pollock, and a splendid and efficient aerial police corps has been formed in which are many aces of the American Air Force.

One of the first of the duties of this newly formed force will be to photograph the entire city thoroughly, upon a scale which will show every detail more accurately than can be revealed in any other way. Landing-fields have been secured and facilities for patrolling the city, locating fires, preventing civil aviators from jeopardizing the safety of inhabitants, and patrolling the river; and the squadrons are prepared to respond at an instant's notice to any emergency which may arise. Other cities will soon follow the lead of New York. Newspapers will no doubt be the next to avail themselves of the news-gathering abilities of fast scout flying planes, while sightseeing buses will follow, and transportation lines in the due course of development.

The subject of aerial insurance has received a great deal of attention both in this country and abroad, and it is now possible to get insurance (1) upon damage to machines from any cause; (2) accidents to passengers and pilots; (3) loss or damage to goods in transit; (4) liability of injury to the public or damage to the property of the public. Twenty of the leading insurance companies in England have combined to underwrite this insurance, each company acting independently and issuing its own policies. In this country insurance at reasonable rates can be obtained and will greatly add to the practicable financing of large companies.

To give an idea of the estimated cost of running a transatlantic airship service from London to New York, it would be necessary to provide for—

Interest, depreciation, insurance, operating expenses, repairs, and maintenance, on a basis of four airships of 3,500,000 cubic feet capacity, at a cost of $2,000,000 each..........	$8,000,000
Two double airship sheds at $1,500,000 each..........................	3,000,000
Land for two sheds for airdromes at $150,000 each....................	300,000
Workshops, gas plant, and equipment.	750,000
Working capital, including operating ports, stores, etc..................	850,000
Wireless equipment.................	50,000
Miscellaneous accessories............	50,000
Total capital required........	$13,000,000

Annual charges would be:

Interest on capital, depreciation, insurance, establishment expenses, repairs, maintenance.........Total	$5,000,000

This equipment would provide a semiweekly service of 200 crossings a year at a total charge per crossing of $33,000, which, for 140 passengers, would make the cost per passenger about $240.

The navigation of airships is similar to that of steamships, but is made more difficult by reason of drift, which has to be allowed for. When navigating over land, the pilot is able to determine the drift of the airship by observation of suitable fixed places on the earth's surface, and adjust his compass course accordingly to give the desired true course. When navigating over seas, no fixed places are available, so if the motion of the wind is not known the course must be corrected by astronomical observation and determination of his charted position. A reliable and effective method of navigation is available, however, with the wireless installation. If the ship is in communication with two stations, they can determine the direction of the transmitted waves and signal to the ship its bearing, from which the ship's position can be laid off on its charts and the new departure determined.

With airplanes the speed would be much faster, but the cost would be about twice as much, and there would be less room to move about and less comfort in travel. For long-distance voyages there is no doubt that the airship will be the more practicable.

Before the war there was a constant use of airships in civil flying in Germany by the airships of 1910–11, and the annual reports of the companies operating showed a total number of flights of 826, with a duration of 1,853 hours, covering 102,675 miles, carrying 17,221 passengers, and this was done without any mishaps to passengers.

The ships were equipped most luxuriously, with inlaid mahogany paneling, carpeted floors, and comfortable armchairs—in fact, regular Pullman car fittings—with large windows, and luncheon and tea was served from a buffet. Twenty-five dollars was charged for a three-hour trip, and places had to be booked many days ahead. Regular trips were run from Berlin to Leipsic, and from Dresden to Munich. The companies made a profit and received a subsidy from the German Government for the use of the ships for training army and navy crews. There is no doubt that Germany to-day is preparing for an extensive scheme of air travel, and only recently there was organized a company, it was announced, to operate airships from Berlin to Constantinople, stopping at Munich and Vienna.

New inventions are being made all the time to increase the safety of air travel, parachutes are being perfected, men are being more perfectly trained, and scientific methods are used to record the physical and medical phenomena incident to flying.

Civilization is developing to a point where rapid aerial transportation and intercommunication are making the world smaller and smaller, and political questions in remote corners of the world that never touched our lives are now entering our very doors.

A marvelous future is opening for aerial navigation, and progress takes place faster than the world in general can keep up with the advance. Only a short time ago we were talking about the transatlantic flight, and now it is accomplished, and still more wonderful things are conceived of as within the range of aeronautic possibility.

LA PARMACHENE BELLE!

A STREAM, A SUPERSTITION, AND A SERMON

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

I

THAT man is not a sport who does not begin his trout fishing in midwinter, when the woods are deep in snow and the ice thick upon the pools. My season usually opens suddenly, as if an unseen hand had touched a secret spring. This year it began on New Year's Day, when a friend sent me an art calendar. The picture wiped out the four months of wild weather that were to come and bade the birds sing, the fronds of ferns to uncurl, and the stream to flash brilliantly in the early May sunshine. But I moved forward by going backward—the art calendar awakened rich memories of the seasons past. The subject was only a detail, but such a detail! There was no foreground, no background, no horizon; the canvas was a surface of translucent water, and, rising through it, with head just breaking into air, was a superb trout, making his rise for a fly—a Parmachene Belle—drooping from a taut leader which ran diagonally across the picture from the lower left to the upper right corner. In a moment, from that vivid detail, I reconstructed the entire scene—the fisherman standing in the swift current above the pool, last year's leaves lying among the yellow froth just beyond the cast, the labyrinth of the green-tinged twigs overhead, the broken clouds in the wind-swept sky, and the muscles of the wrist that would set the hook almost before the weight of the fish could be felt upon the line.

That evening was one of sheer delight. Gone were all the regrets of the past months; stifled were all the poignant yearnings blended with bitter frustration; obliterated was the one awful fear which drove me to my tasks day after day and held my eyes unsealed through the weary hours of many and many a night. For all honest men live in a purgatory of dread that, after all, they may fail in the one thing honest men long most to do—provide decently for their loved ones. Among my friends I know not one who asks anything for himself; vainglory, ambition, epicureanism, are absent; but to one and all life would seem satisfactory and well worth while if only no shadow of future poverty and shame were hanging over those they had sworn to forefend. Yet even that most haunting of horrors slipped away with the coming of the calendar. Memory and imagination conspired to crowd the hours with an elemental joy.

First, I recalled a passage about Dean Stanley and Izaak Walton in Laurence Hutton's "Talks in a Library." The book was close at hand and the place marked:

"Going through the Abbey of Westminster on a very memorable occasion with Miss Mary Anderson and her brother, under the escort of Dean Stanley, the historian of the minster, he showed us a great many rare and curious things which were not contained in his own volume. He stopped before the mural tablet to Isaac Casaubon, in the south transept, and said:

"'There is only one bit of desecration of the Abbey that I am disposed to forgive. I'll show it to you.' And he laid his beautiful fingers in a caressing way upon the monogram initials 'I. W.,' and the date '1658,' which he had discovered to have been scratched there, with a nail, by Izaak Walton himself. This seemed to bring me as near to Walton—always dear to me—as I had ever come. The Dean was kind enough to permit me to have a tracing made of the letters and figures, though such things were against the rules of the institution.

"Izaak Walton had confessed the deed in one of his letters, and the gentle prelate told us that on discovering the fact, late at night, he could not rest till he had proved for himself that the marks still existed. And with a lighted candle he went from the Deanery, in the silent hours of the morning, to satisfy himself that they were still there."

Secondly, and inevitably, I turned to "The Compleat Angler," to the inimitable chapter on 'Trout.' Could anything be more restrained and at the same time more ecstatic than the opening paragraph:

"The trout is a fish highly valued both in this and foreign nations; he may be justly said (as the old poet said of wine, and we English of venison) to be a generous fish; a fish that is so like the buck that he also has his seasons; for it is observed that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck; Gesner says his name is of German offspring, and he says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water fish, as the mullet may with all sea-fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste, and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him."

When an old-school English gentleman brackets anything with wine and venison, he has seen a vision of something as near to heaven as eyes may look upon. I held my finger in the book and dreamed of a stream in the northern land, of a gray morning with the sun stabbing sudden shafts through the mists, of a slow-burning fire which crackled and hissed as the moisture fell upon it from the drenched foliage overhead, of smoke that hung low and clung and spread out in leisurely tides, of trout and bacon in the pan sizzling and spitting, and all the world, all of my world, my very own world, wrapped in the aroma of boiling coffee. "O God, let me live until May!" I prayed.

In spite of the "handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind of any fears of many things that will never be (as too many men often do);" in spite of the witchery of the milkmaid's song, "Come live with me, and be my love;" in spite of the lushness of those English pastures and the simple sophistries of honest folk in the days of good Queen Bess; in spite of the moaning wind and the swirling snow outside and the lateness of the hour, I closed the book and dragged out my fishing kit.

Pandora could not have broken up life's stodgy monotone more completely than did my old tackle-box. There were reels, spoons, phantom-minnows, lines, leaders, two long-lost pipes (one I recognized eagerly as a favorite), a jackknife, a little vial of vaseline, a Lake St. John Railroad time-table, and a score of other things as inseparable from the art of the angler as staff and ring are from the historic episcopate. Infinite pains had been spent in their selection; each was the cue to a story full of pure adventure—a story rich in the beauty of placid lakes and turbulent streams, of days when the heart took its fill of pleasure, innocent of anything corroding or coarsening. If life at its sanest could have been expressed in symbols, they were before my eyes. Themes of rapture ran fugue-like through my heart; gray and golden images of hope and joy overlapped and interfused; momentary emotions expanded into epics and epochs; chapters of a glorious pre-existence were reeled off as though a palimpsest had divulged a series of apocalypses.

And my book of flies! This Jenny Lind, when did it last flick through an early purpling mist and freight the creel with the lordliest trophy of the day? That somber Heckle, so forlornly slim and old-maidish, where did it make its last kill? And the faded Montreal, now almost demure, what havoc had it wrought in swift swirling and broken water at the tailings of a pool below a noisy fall? And how phantomlike that White Miller must have settled upon a glassy open reach in the half-light just before nightfall! Each starts an ebb tide of primitive emotions running back into the eternity before men invented mutual interference and called it civilization.

But the Parmachene Belle! It brings back what I have often tried to forget and have always wanted to understand, memories of a trip full of wonder and questioning and strange sadness, and of how I found a sermon in the weirdness of a wild night in the far North.

II

I went to the Lake Edward district quite late in the season. Raleigh had promised to have my guide and outfit in readiness, but upon my arrival I found the Montagnais Indians had gone back to Roberval for the trapping and the half-breeds were already out with the early hunters. The only man around the place was Pete Lefevre, but he showed a great reluctance to accompanying me. Raleigh said he was an excellent guide, having lived for some years on Lake St. John, and was there considered the most skillful and daring canoeist of all who risked the Grand Discharge. It took a full half-day, however, to win his consent, but from the first dip of his paddle I knew him to be an expert. On the portage he was as strong as a bull, carrying incredible packs and swinging up his canoe with careless ease. He was quick-eyed, dignified, unobtrusive, and very taciturn.

We made Grand Bay easily the first afternoon and got some fishing to boot, and I expected to reach Ecarté by the next night. But we started late, broached our canoe badly about noon, and then after leaving Lake Eugene discovered that I had left my duffle bag at Lake Boquette. Pete's face grew more sullen with each delay. The only words he uttered were jerks of praise for the Emma River. He knew a wonderful pool up the river, and this was the only time in the year to fish it. The Emma district contained the only good fly ground south of the divide! The sweetest camp ever seen was up the Emma among the tamaracks! But not one of the reasons for a change of plans commended itself to me. I suggested that we make camp on the little portage between Algonquin and Stanislaus. To my amazement Pete dropped his paddle and exploded in such emphatic and profane protests that I yielded without a word. Still further to my surprise, he drove the canoe quite wide of the bay where the carry begins and on toward the Discharge. It was nearly sundown, and I did not demur. I could pick out a supper of small trout while he made camp near the outlet of Stanislaus.

After supper, as we smoked by the friendship fire, I thought I caught an unusual furtiveness in his eyes and a note of uneasiness in his voice. He was fussy about the fire, too. It was rather an unpleasant night, black, gusty, and showery, with far-away thunder billowing over the intervening hills. Pete went to the edge of the lake, picked up the canoe and laid it across the opening through the brush as if to bar any approach from that quarter; behind us the timber was big and the undergrowth heavy. As the evening wore on the guide's uneasiness became more marked; he built up the fire repeatedly. Finally I drew him with banter.

During the past few months he had been lumbering in Maine. "Oh, fie, Pete, to prefer the Yankee girls to the Canadian!"

"No, M'sieur, it was not that," and he shook his head with solemn emphasis. "Not that!"

"Ah, then there is more money in Maine than in Quebec!" But he protested so sadly that I was compelled to respect his reserve. After a while he said that he would tell me his story if I would not laugh at him or call him a fool or think him a coward. Of course I would not; nor do I even now.

"M'sieur, it was on the down run of *la petite portage* from Stanislaus to A'gonquin. I was coming through alone, and light, from the Bostonnais. It was just when the tree shadows hit your face and then lay a long way back on the trail behind you. All at once I have a tight breathing and a moving heart; then, very sudden, a big bull caribou filled up the trail and his head down like as if he would charge. I tried to throw the canoe over between us, and then, *mon Dieu,* that bull caribou, he speak. *Oui*, M'sieur, real words. My knees hit together fast; my feet they cold dead and I not move. I just listen, and sweat, and freeze. He say, 'Pete Lefevre, hark!'

"'Jesu, the Son God of the Blessed Virgin, he talk to you now with anger all heart blood. Why not you be all man and go fight the hell-whelps? The Huns spit in the face of Jesu, the Son God, again—again they gash open his body—they pull down the holy crucifix—they make mock of the Holy Father in Rome—they feed holy bread to horses—they foul the holy sisters with their beast bodies—they warm their cold feet in the hot bowels of children. Pete Lefevre, why you not all man and fight the hell-whelps for Jesu, the Son God?'"

Pete shuddered as he finished; perspiration stood out all over his face; he bowed his head to his knees. I threw wood and still more wood onto the fire. Everything grew suddenly weird—the swish of the water on the undergrowth by the margin of the lake, the pattering of rain on the foliage, the sentinel straightness of the tall black trees, the muffled waves of distant thunder. Had it not been for the cheerfulness of the fire I should have cried out myself, so great was the sense of mystery and fear. But the silence could not continue long or we should both have been unmanned.

To my surprise Pete first broke the silence—

"M'sieu, they would not let me fight the hell-whelps."

"Do you mean they would not take you into the army?"

"*Oui*, M'sieur, I tried, but the doctor hearken to my heart and say, 'No.'"

"But I thought you were as strong as a giant. No one with heart trouble could drive a canoe and carry the packs as you do."

"Not now, M'sieur; heart beat even now. But that night, after the bull caribou, he speak for Jesu, the Son God, I went sick at Raleigh's place, vera, vera sick, and talk foolish and shout, for weeks, M'sieur. 'Fever typhoid,' Raleigh tell me after."

"Pete, did you ever confess it?"

"*Oui*, M'sieur—in Maine."

"But why did you go to Maine, Pete?"

"Money, M'sieur, money, for the Blessed Virgin at Roberval, because they would not let me kill the hell-whelps."

So we pulled our blankets around our shoulders and sat by the fire all night, while the thunder crept nearer and passed booming overhead, and I talked of many things in many lands, but always of pleasant incidents and propitious events, until morning came with a deepening crimson flush and drove the terror out of Pete's eyes, but still left the fear in his heart.

The expedition could not continue; even in the daylight the region was a haunted one to the half-breed. For an hour or more, while he broke camp, I fished the Discharge with a leader and a single fly—the Parmachene Belle. Trout rose freely and fought gamely, the sun slashed the boiling water almost horizontally and threw many a miniature rainbow onto the spray, a slight breeze brought the scent of balsam from the woods, a big frog bangoed somewhere behind me and a mink came to the edge of the stream and looked at me with an air of expostulation. And all the while I thought of Pete and tried to grasp a half-familiar passage of the Bible which reflected the tragedy of his experience. Then we embarked; of course we could not go back across *la petite portage* between Stanislaus and Algonquin, so we struck the long trail by the Vermilion River and over the two-mile carry to Lake Edward.

III

Remember, it is still New Year's Day, in a brick-built city, with the snow swirling outside, and the art calendar on the table and the curled leader with the single Parmachene Belle in my hand. Memory has brought back the questioning and the wondering of the sun-flooded morning after the night of weird fear, when I fished the Discharge from Stanislaus and searched vainly for the word of Scripture which should set Pete's personal replica of the inferno into its rightful place as a detail of spiritual psychology. Subconsciously, during the past few months a sermon had grown in my soul—all real sermons grow in the preacher's soul and are not built in the minister's mind, as most people suppose—but I needed a text. The Parmachene Belle was really the text, but a clergyman in a Geneva gown can hardly hold up a trout fly before a discriminating city congregation and hang a homily upon its hidden hook. Of course the text came, as all things return which have once made even the slightest etching of truth upon the consciousness; it forced its way from the days of ancient Isaiah through the confusion of the intervening centuries as if to prove the essential oneness of human experience:

"*He heweth him down cedars. . . . He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire: and the residue thereof he maketh a god.*"

Across the seas, across the years, the Lebanons and the Laurentians have grasped hands. Isaiah knew the primitive man and the primeval forest. The swing of the ax, the blazing, crackling logs, the prey of the trap cooking on the green-stick spit, the grateful heat in the chilly air; then the fear as night falls—the invisible, intangible foe against which forged weapons are useless, the creeping flesh, the agitated hands, the affrighted mind, the uncontrollable nerves, the anxious searchings of the conscience standing naked before the improvised bar of judgment; and, at last, the desperate resort to religion—a few trembling strokes upon the residue of the tree and he rounds a head, indents a neck, slices an acute triangle for the feet, makes black marks with a charred stick for the eyes and nose and mouth, invests it with supernatural powers, and calls the expedient a god. Primitive and grotesque, yes; but savagery and civilization are alike.

If Isaiah's primitive man had chosen the best portion of his tree for his deity, if he had made his god before he made his camp and cooked his food and warmed his feet, he would have been a saint, a primeval saint and without a halo, nevertheless a spiritual genius.

But when religion is only an expedient to quiet fear, a penitent postscript to correct the text of life's chronicle, a palsied codical to undo the foolish willing of years of perversity, a make-weight to offset decades of waste, a scenic shift to give legitimacy to the next and last act, it is hardly more than a clumsy superstition licensed under the seal of a current orthodoxy. Religion as the fag-end, the salvage squad, the afterthought economy of the residue—well, what is it but bribing the court after the verdict of guilty has been duly rendered?

The snow swirled outside, the hour of midnight struck, the art calendar was propped up on the table, and I stroked the Parmachene Belle as it dropped from the leader.

"You have told me so much to-night," I said to the fly, "tell me more; tell me, what is religion?"

And it seemed as if the Parmachene Belle spoke to me, quietly and reflectively:

"I know nothing of religion. All I know is of glad days in the far-away land, where the birds sing blithely in the morning, and the voice of many waters is sweeter than any angel chorus, and the sunlight filters through the new foliage and falls on the stream like golden filigree, and the air comes down from the hills and fills the lungs like the breath of the gods, and the flowers never grow tired of scattering incense far and wide, and every aisle of the forest is more stately than any columned cathedral ever built by human skill, and not a bird or insect or creature is sad or angry or sulky, and the heart of man has found again all the love and hope and peace and joy which it had lost in the grim city, and the Great Spirit presses close upon the soul with a gentle weight of kindness, and all the fear of hunger and failure and artificial shame have passed away completely, and the fisherman stands in the stream and lifts his voice in a shout of happiness which makes the roaring of the stream seem only a murmuring *obligato*—that is all I know."

"But that is religion," I said to the Parmachene Belle; "at least, it is religion as people ought to know it to-day: life free from cringing and groveling fear, the mind unconstrained and the heart unclouded, everything that is best in man singing in unison with everything that is best in nature, happiness as an inalienable right and a perpetual franchise, a glad offering of one's utmost in an uncompelled oblation. I shall put that in my sermon as a glowing contrast to Isaiah's primitive man working out his religion of the residue under the lash of terror."

A SUMMER'S PRELUDE

BY JULIA M. SLOANE

"HAD you thought of anywhere you'd like to go next summer?" asks J——, usually about the time we would be poring over seed catalogues if there were the slightest chance of our ever staying anywhere long enough to pick the flowers when they bloomed. Anyway, flowers we plant very rarely come up—I don't know why. Once we planted piazza boxes with mignonette, guarded them with netting from marauding birds, and were rewarded by some straggling petunias—"volunteers," the weekly gardener called them. That was in California, and I am quite sure that nothing would even "volunteer" for us in a less impulsive climate.

But to return to the summer question. Winter for us is predestined, but summer smacks of free will, though it isn't quite that either, because our daily bread seems always to be baked in a place too hot for babies after June 1. The one thing we are always sure of is that we don't want to go to the place where we were the preceding summer. One trip abroad with a nine-months-old Billie, who had measles in a six-by-six North German Lloyd cabin all the way home, decided us against foreign travel for a time. Recurrent ptomaine poisoning at an expensive hotel in the mountains the following season was equally discouraging; and, last, a secluded spot, forgotten even in New England, where a grove and waterfall all our own would have made a perfect setting for "Lucia," but where no cook would take the part allotted to her in our "Sextette," extinguished our enthusiasm for the "simple life."

The arrival that autumn of the Fat Baby further complicated the situation. However, hope is a stubborn india-rubber sort of thing, and when the usual February question came I was as optimistic as ever. We have a friend—I think I am safe in saying that we still have him in spite of what follows—who is the image of Tenniel's White Knight in "Alice in Wonderland," the one with the mouse-traps and carrots, just pitching forward in his saddle. He owned a house in D——, New Hampshire, which he had long felt would be an ideal summer place for us. Being a bachelor, he was a trifle vague about details, but my main impression from his silver-tongued oratory was that the beauty of the view from the cottage piazza more than repaid the happy tenant for pumping all the water by hand from a skimpy well. We had always heard of the charms of D——, with its colony of painters and writers, and, feeling pumping to be good exercise, by Easter the White Knight had us fairly caught. By the end of May everything packable and cratable was ready for storing till autumn, for J—— had a better position offered him, and this was more than the usual summer migration. At last, after passing through all the stages of decomposition—the paper-napkin finish filling J—— with unspeakable disgust—we stood on the railway platform surrounded by our friends "seeing us off"! It was really worth their while. First J—— with all the bags which he could embrace and bristling with as many umbrellas as a cactus has spines; I next with the Fat Baby. I had chosen him in preference to the Walker Gordon milk box, for, though heavier, he has no corners. Next Mary, the large Irish nurse (who would also have preferred the Fat Baby), with the ice-box and shawl-strap. Then, likewise heavily laden, Lizzie, a widow of the United Brethren faith, capabilities unknown, snatched as a last desperate resort, D—— being as barren of domestic aid as a mining camp. Last of all, Billie, aged four, manfully lugging Bonci, the canary—the only really care-free member of the party.

Some one had pinned a bunch of orchids on a small portion of my person not occupied by the Fat Baby. This I bitterly regretted before our journey's end, as orchids create a false impression not borne out by our pocketbook. At the last moment the leading druggist arrived with a scarlet box of chocolates ornamented by silver "kewpies." I feared I might have to carry this touching tribute in my teeth, but J—— finally found an empty pocket. Thus we started on what is, I think, a fair specimen of our summer adventures. I have not mentioned one member of the party because at first I did not know she was with us. I refer to the family jinx. Just where we acquired her and how long she is going to stay are points about which we differ. I hope that after seven years from the time we broke a looking-glass she may take herself off. The Irish nurse sides with me, but J—— isn't sure. He thinks she likes us, and he says that they have constitutions of iron and no tact.

J—— stowed us, bag and baggage, into an express train *en route* for the Fall River boat while he went back to wind up his year's work. No use to dwell on our transports—not of joy but of baggage and babies. Eventually we found ourselves settled on the boat—next the fog-horn. These objects are not depicted on steamer charts any more than the pillars behind which we so often dodge at a theater. Naturally we had fog, and of course the Fat Baby did not care for the horn. Night became a crescendo duet between them. Towards dawn quiet came, which decoyed us into a little ill-timed sleep. I awoke with a start to realize that we had but half an hour to catch our train. After dressing Billie with fireman-like agility, I went next door to collect the party. The Irish nurse was telling beads, the United Brethren Lizzie was also praying, the Fat Baby was sleeping in his nightgown, and nothing was packed! I said a few things not contained in the Book of Common Prayer, dressed the baby, and just succeeded in getting my family and belongings off the boat and deposited into the last seats of the last car as the train drew out of Fall River. At that moment the bottom dropped out of Bonci's cage. If Bonci had welcomed liberty, I should not have moved a finger to catch him. However, he only clung in terror to his swing, and it simply resulted in our sitting in scattered bird-seed till we reached Boston.

The White Knight had not pointed out to me that the date of our arrival in that city fell on Bunker Hill Day. I suppose he thought that every one knew it; but I come from Rhode Island, where we have other things to think about. Trains were so late that our long-delayed breakfast was only a sketch after all, for the city had to be crossed before we were at last on the one and only train for D——. To heat the Fat Baby's bottle and buy a Bunker Hill Day balloon for Billie pressed me a bit, but I made it with about the same margin as at Fall River.

The Fat Baby enjoyed the trip. He sprawled comfortably on a full seat while Bunker Hill excursionists perched on arms and looked acidly at me. They didn't know what I had lived through since dawn or they would never have expected me to hold that fat little person for hours.

As we drew near D—— I began to have those creeping misgivings (localized in the pit of the stomach) that usually assail a perfect stranger—a sort of "about to know the worst" feeling. When we were actually in the stage, bumping along a lovely shaded road, I ventured a few questions to the driver.

Yes, he knew the house.

No, he couldn't rightly say he'd seen any one working about there just lately, but he guessed it would be all right if they knew I was coming.

Something in his tone added to my rising disquiet. At last we drew up by the cottage which we had never seen but of which we had heard so much. The view was all there and quite up to specifications, but for the rest—my heart sinks again in retrospect. The rooms had the feeling of a place long closed and not thoroughly aired. I think now that it probably had been a near thing to get a fire burning in the kitchen stove before the stage turned the corner!

The White Knight had insisted on my using his linen and not bothering to bring any of our own, so our first move, after leaving the baby to have his nap out, like a kitten, on an old quilt on the warm piazza, with Billie not too proud to join him, was to look for bedding. Not even one pillow-case rewarded our efforts, though we searched every corner except a beautiful old Dutch marriage chest, which resisted all our efforts with real Dutch stolidity. A neighborly cleaning woman lent us a few sheets, and for the rest we used paper napkins and the Fat Baby's lingerie. Later by telegraphing we discovered that the White Knight's sister had taken the key to the Maine woods with her (it was similar to the key of the Bastille, which I once saw in a museum), so it was a full week before it could be retrieved by express!

We found ourselves two miles from town, with no neighbors, it being early for summer people, and we had only the very polite, almost exquisite grocer to depend on for the necessities of life. A telephone I could not seem to get, though I coaxed and stormed by turns. The exquisite grocer gently tried to calm me. He said that the British Ambassador had just arrived, and that every one was working for him.

I said I had taken a dislike to the British Ambassador without even seeing him!

He assured me that he was delightful and that I must not be hasty.

I think if the grocer had had a sense of humor it would have helped, for the United Brethren Lizzie was as solemn as an owl and Mary couldn't bear to have me even hum "The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls." All by myself I had to find it funny.

The climax came at the end of the first week. Billie and I came back from a little drive to find water backing up in the kitchen sink and Lizzie throwing her arms about wildly. She said that she came of a nervous family subject to spasms.

"You aren't going to have one now, anyway!" I said.

"What shall we do?" she wailed.

"I will get a plumber at once," I firmly replied.

Now D—— consists of only two rival grocery stores and a post office, and the nearest plumber would be in a town ten miles away, and we had no telephone, thanks to the British Ambassador. All this I knew as well as that it was nearly six o'clock; but I felt that I'd like to get away from possible spasms and think. I started to walk briskly along the lovely but lonely wood road leading towards D—— when I heard a sound of wheels, and presently a wagon full of workmen appeared. I stood in the middle of the road, and when they drew up, to avoid running over me, I said, in my most ingratiating tone: "Could it be possible that one of you is a plumber? No one has any idea of how much I want a plumber!"

The nicest-looking one of them all got out of the wagon and smilingly said, "I am." I led him away, and he spent the better part of the ensuing week with us, digging up drain-pipes all over the place. The roots of young fir trees had grown into the joints and clogged them. His name also was Billy—a most pleasant person and a welcome relief from the exquisite grocer. We missed him greatly when the job was done.

So it went till the man of the family arrived, and things smoothed out, as they usually do when he comes. However, I have always stoutly maintained that I had at last got them to a point where they were bound to improve. Literature cites instances of persons evoking nymphs in the heart of the woods, but, so far as I know, I am the only one who ever evoked a plumber!

INDUSTRIAL ATHLETICS

HOW THE SPORTS FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS ARE DEVELOPING INTO CIVILIAN ATHLETICS

BY WALTER CAMP

"This war has been the test of us,
And killed some of the best of us,
And made men of the rest of us,
And left no East and West of us!"

If we are to make the most of the lessons of the war, we must study the facts and apply the conclusions to the immediate conditions confronting us as a Nation. The Americans proved that they could and would fight. America set a higher standard for cleanness in service than had previously been attained. The morale, the high spirit, the cheerfulness, as well as the dogged determination to do the job, were features of the American troops noted by the Allies wherever they went. And these conditions came from the fact that we had a basis upon which to build. That is the basis upon which we are about to erect a greater National structure in the form of industrial athletics.

The American boy is early thrown or drawn into athletic sports. Whether he plays his games in the streets or in the sand lots, on a public playground or at a private school, he soon learns that there is one great sin in the decalogue of youth, and that unforgivable sin is cowardice. He learns that strength and skill make him respected of his fellows, and he learns to strive with might and main for preeminence in sports.

Hence we breed courage and ambition. Indulgence in these sports takes the boy and youth out of doors; but it goes much further, for it disciplines the boy, teaches him loyalty, takes the selfishness and conceit out of him, strengthens his muscles, and gives him co-ordination and control. It brings him in contact with his fellows, inculcates a code of team-work, and speedily convinces him that if he is to excel it can be only through hard work and persistent practice. And these lessons are the very bed-rock principles upon which an efficient army or navy is based.

Then we had to face the things that stop fighters in the mass. We had to deal with disaffection and disease. Homesickness is a well-recognized difficulty in the breaking in of new soldiers, and it oftentimes leads to many further troubles. All drill and no play will ruin an army or navy just as surely as it will an individual boy; just as surely as will all work and no play affect any man in industrial life.

We therefore transferred the home environment to the camp, the cantonment, and the station. When we first undertook the work, many looked upon it as all mere nonsense, folly that had no part in real fighting preparation. What could football, baseball, boxing, and wrestling avail the man who must march and shoot? But the critics soon found the disease rate lowered, the morale greatly improved, and the direct efficiency with gun, grenade, or bayonet startlingly high.

Did not Kipling write:

"And the life we live and know—
Let the fellow sing o' the little things he
cares about,
If a fellow fights for the little things he
cares about
With the weight of a single blow!"

These boys had a life they lived and knew and cared about, and they would fight all the better for it.

So in industry a man with the outside interest of athletics will work better. Americanization is more possible for those who come to our shores through the medium of American sport than in almost any other way.

It was not long before these Army and Navy teams were found to be able to hold their own and even defeat civilian and college teams. Then the interest doubled. The enthusiasm spread contagiously. Not only were thousands of already skilled men found in the service, but hitherto unknown men came up or were developed who had never before had a chance to try their mettle. Still another feature was that a man who had passed out of the game into business (for the American gives up his athletics too early) had the chance at twenty-four or twenty-five to take up again the sport he had enjoyed, and he found that he had not forgotten his former skill. But it was not the star team or the star performer upon whom the greatest effort was expended. It was rather upon the spread of athletics throughout the mass, the inter-regimental games, the company contests, the sports with hundreds of men in at a time, that all the athletic directors and instructors were working. It is safe to say that never before in any community were there so many men taking part in sports of all kinds as in the camps, cantonments, and stations where our men were in training. And when they went "Over There" our boys took with them sound bodies and the fighting spirit, and their sports went with them. Many a Frenchman gazed with awe upon American teams playing football. Many took into their hands and felt with horror the "hard-as-rock" baseball with which our men played.

Our boxing was made the basis of bayonet fighting and our baseball arms were adept in learning to throw the grenade. The men who had gone into the opposing football line when their signal came went "over the top" with that same abandon. Those who had made a stand on the last five-yard line in the grim determination of the gridiron field faced the scrimmage of war with the same do-or-die fortitude. Those who had raced on the cinder track and thrown their last efforts into the sprint at the finish were just as "game" when the pathway was a Flanders field or a Château Thierry line. The man who took the big chance on the motor track took the greater chances in the air with the same spirit. The man whose nerves had been tested with "two men on," "one out," and "a run to tie and two to win," stood smiling when the line was thin. Yes, these boys of ours were ready and prepared in a hundred ways, the real purpose of which many had never dreamed.

"There are men, my father, brown and strong,
And they carry a banner of wondrous hue;
With a mighty tread they swing along;
Now I see white stars on a field of blue!"

"Hasten, son, fling the window wide;
Let me kiss the staff the flag swings from
And salute the Stars and Stripes with pride,
For, God be praised, the Americans come!"

And now it is over "Over There." Our boys are coming back by the hundreds of thousands. And the great majority of them are wonderfully improved in health and physique and have a broader outlook upon life. Shall we miss the lesson? Remember that in the draft nearly thirty per cent were rejected. That thirty per cent is still with us. They did not share the benefits of all this which the seventy per cent enjoyed. We must make them fit as well, and at the same time must capitalize the asset of health in those returning. Nor is it the physical side alone. The cleanness of the men in our service has shown what may be done for the entire population. It was accomplished in the service by the methods outlined, and it may be accomplished in the civilian population in a similar way.

But there is another phase to be considered, and that, too, one of the greatest importance to all communities. A community is like an army. If it has teamwork, high morale, it is successful and a good place in which to live. If it is merely a place where men work all day long, drag themselves to bed only to secure enough sleep to go through the dreary round of toil again, with nothing in the way of pleasure, nothing to look forward to, that community loses its morale, and just as the individuals lose in their spirit so does the product of that community fall off. Bad feeling, dissension, general low spirits, and, coincident with this, disease and inefficiency, sap its very life-blood. Dr. William Draper Lewis, of the State Health Insurance Commission of the State of Pennsylvania, shows that sickness of workers in that State alone results annually in the loss of 16,800,000 working days, that 120,000 employees in Pennsylvania are sick every day in the year, and that the loss to wage-earners annually is $33,000,000.

As the Allied commands have seen the effectiveness of these sports of ours in making fit men and the establishment of a high morale, they have begun to introduce them in their own military system. Even the Orient is taking up our sports, and that, too, with a definite purpose. If all these things were good for men preparing for service and in service, it is certainly of the greatest importance that they be continued and extended throughout the land. They should go into our entire industrial fabric.

General Pershing writes: "I am now most anxious to encourage in every way possible the athletic side of our training, both as a means of keeping the personnel wholesomely and enjoyably occupied during the periods not needed for other military duties and as a means of keeping them in the state of physical and mental fitness which is so necessary to the morale which breeds contentment."

In fact, Great Britain is already realizing this, and a conference of associations representing all sports of the United Kingdom, held in London, has approved of a series of memorials to be forwarded to every member of the Cabinet and the House of Commons emphasizing the need for increased facilities for sports and recreations for workers, not merely to improve the health of the nation, but as tending to reduce unrest.

The memorial also points out that hundreds of thousands of additional players who took up sport while serving in the army must be provided for.

The conference suggests that the Government acquire ground for the practice of sports and let it at low rentals, and also instruct and empower municipalities to do likewise. The Government is also asked to restore the pre-war cheap railway fares for players and to exempt non-profit-making grounds from taxes.

A factory of ten thousand hands can be organized just as we organized a naval station. Each man in service had his particular job of navy work to do, just as the factory worker has his allotted task; but through organization it was possible to provide sports, athletics, recreation, relaxation of a wholesome character, and to give every man something to which he could look forward with anticipation of enjoyment. All this should be transferred into industry, for two reasons. First, that these men who come back physically fit shall not deteriorate in that great asset, health. And, secondly, that the thousands who had none of these benefits should have the opportunity not only to become strong and well, but to enjoy that possession in every way.

One of the most telling criticisms that has been offered in the last twenty years against college athletics was based upon the fact that the college athlete, having made himself physically fit and muscularly strong, having trained and worked out of doors, had built up a condition that required exercise and out of doors for the continuance of health. Immediately after graduation he plunged into his life's work, which, with the usual American ambition, he took so seriously as to neglect everything in the way of physical exercise for two or three years, and consequently he broke down. If one stops to realize what it means, therefore, for these men of ours who have had two years of vigorous outdoor life and training to come back and go into the factories, he must see that, unless some opportunity along the lines of athletics and sports is provided, these men too will suffer breakdowns in health which will be tremendously expensive not only to the men themselves but to the communities, and finally to the entire productivity of the country.

There is another important phase to this subject, and that is one which is extremely pressing. How are we to fill the place formerly occupied by the saloon? It should be borne in mind that there were thousands of men who used the saloon as a social club. They did not go there especially for the purpose of drinking. They went there on account of the "gang" spirit, and because human nature is gregarious. Now it is a recognizable fact that these saloons were not maintained for philanthropic motives. It was the profit on the sales which paid the rent and gave men a place to sit and talk. Here is a chain of social clubs all over the country which under the Prohibition Act must inevitably go out of operation, at any rate in the form in which they have been conducted. Men drifted into these clubs or saloons just as they came from work. There were no signs up, "No smoking allowed," and there were no rules which provided that a man should go home first and dress up before he went to the saloon. These are things that must be reckoned with, and they are a part of the social state. Two million soldiers who are returning and the millions and millions of workers in this country are not looking for philanthropy. Men never felt when they dropped into a saloon that they were sponging on charity or that they were not paying their own way. Hence when we study the replacement of these we see that it must be done by the men themselves. The Government did not order the men in service to play games. They provided some of the facilities, but wherever there was a competent director in a station it meant that he organized committees who "ran things." And that is the way it must be worked out in industrial life. The management can help, but the men themselves are the ones to organize, that they may be independent and take part in programmes of their own creating.

CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

BY JEAN RUSHMORE PATTERSON

You ceased to be a woman when you spoke
And bade us strive to understand;
You were the peasant that had borne the yoke,
You were the people of your native land!

The exile, hoping through the endless years,
The murdered child, the soldier dead,
The widow, sorrowing too deep for tears,
The starving orphan crying out for bread!

You were the downcast striving to be free,
The bondaged souls that ask a right,
Unlettered thousands making earnest plea,
The long oppressed at last demanding light!

The very soul of Russia standing there,
Incarnate will, despite the woe;
Having borne much, yet struggling still to bear,
You bade us not forget the debt we owe,

The bitter months when countless Russians tried
Unarmed to stand the bloody test,
The marshy plains with Russian blood deep dyed,
The *Eastern front that helped to save the West!*

You were no woman when you pleaded thus,
You were the Russian people calling us!

MORE ABOUT THE NEW INCOME TAX IN NEW YORK

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

Mr. Davenport was Chairman of the Special Tax Committee which drew the Income Tax Bill for the State of New York. The bill had the unanimous approval of the men of both parties on the Committee, and was passed with the vote of every member of the Legislature in both branches and signed by the Governor. Apropos of Senator Davenport's statement concerning the need of a budget system in this country, our readers will find on another page an article describing the method used in Great Britain. We have already announced for a subsequent issue an article by Senator Davenport giving his impressions of the Legislature of which he is a member.—THE EDITORS.

IT may be interesting to the readers of The Outlook to know that the rather rigorous criticism of the new Income Tax Law in New York which very recently appeared in its editorial columns has at one point the warm approval of those who drew the measure. I refer to the urgent need of checking waste and extravagance in State and municipal as well as National Governments, and also of checking uncontrolled public expenditure itself, which is not directly wasteful, but which is going forward by leaps and bounds in all parts of the Union. I will return to this point in a moment.

The criticisms by The Outlook relate partly to certain alleged minor injustices of the law to non-residents of the State, but chiefly to the alleged faulty method setting about to increase cash receipts of before reorganizing the State's finances.

First, I will try to make clear what is the reason for and the trouble with the provision which seems to make the law bear somewhat unjustly upon non-residents. In the case of residents the tax is imposed upon the entire income from whatever source derived, whether within or without the State, and a minimum exemption is allowed of $1,000 for a single person and $2,000, with $200 additional for each of certain dependents, for a married person. In the case of non-residents the tax is imposed only upon such income as is received or earned within the State of New York, and no minimum exemption is allowed. The theory was that if you tax a resident on his whole income from whatever source derived you should not tax the minimum of subsistence for himself and his family. But if you are taxing, as in the case of the non-resident, only the income earned within the State of New York, and not by any means necessarily all of a person's income, it is not fair to allow him the advantage of deducting the whole minimum of subsistence, as you do in the case of the resident, who pays tax on his whole income from whatever source derived, inside or outside the State. If, however, it could be shown to the satisfaction of the New York authorities that the entire income of the non-resident taxpayer was received within the State of New York, and that no claim for the $1,000 or $2,000 exemption, or any part of it, has been made elsewhere, there is no reason in the world why the non-resident should not also enjoy this exemption. Such a solution would be within the spirit of the law. If the Comptroller of the State, who is the collecting agent, follows the spirit of the law, he may provide a form of certificate through which the non-resident taxpayer may make clear that he has no other income than that earned in the State of New York, and thereupon receive the benefit of the minimum provision, as in the case of the resident. If the Comptroller is hesitant about violating the letter of the act, the intent of the framers can be made clear in January by a few words of amendment several months before the tax, in any event, can be put into operation. The time for the first payment of the tax is March 15, 1920.

There is another slight unclearness in the act which might conceivably bear unfavorably upon non-residents, but which actually will not. Under the measure, the employer or the institution in the State of New York paying the salary or the earning to the non-resident is made the responsible withholding agent for the amount of the tax if the tax is not paid by the non-resident himself. The rate in the bill was first fixed at a flat 2 per cent for everybody, and 2 per cent would then have been the amount which the withholding agent would be responsible for deducting from the salary or earning. But at the last moment a graduated rate of 1 per cent up to $10,000, 2 per cent up to $50,000, and 3 per cent above that was determined upon, but by inadvertence no change was made in the provision about the responsibility of the withholding agent, and so the act as passed seems to make the withholding agent responsible for deducting 2 per cent on a person's income of $10,000, whereas the tax was finally fixed at only 1 per cent. But if the non-resident pays directly his tax of 1 per cent, no trouble would arise from this minor error, as the withholding agent would then be free from all responsibility under the terms of the act. And of course this inadvertence also will be corrected early in the next legislative session, some months before the law goes into operation. And in the meantime the Comptroller may, if he wishes, prepare his preliminary form of certificate in line with the amendment that is certain to be made. And the intent of the law is so clear upon this matter that I have no doubt the courts would hold, in any event, that the withholding agent is responsible only up to 1 per cent in case of incomes under $10,000.

When we consider also that in order to secure exact justice a reciprocal provision is introduced into the act providing that non-residents shall have rebated to them any tax on New York income which may be imposed by the State of the taxpayer's residence, providing that his home State treats New Yorkers in a substantially similar way; and when we consider that the non-resident in the meantime owes the Government of the State of New York something for the benefit to him of the legal and social and physical protection and opportunity offered to him to accumulate wealth and do business and make earnings in the State, it seems to me that the objection about the non-resident is pretty effectually disposed of.

The inevitable result of American methods of legislation, with its practice of frequently making important changes at the last moment, is the creeping in of occasional minor inconsistencies. But a broad view of the situation will, I think, compel the conclusion that the enactment of this measure, and the important amendment at the same time of the Corporation Tax Act, put New York in the forefront of the movement toward a modern and equitable system of taxation in this country. In no other leading American State has there been taken so long a step toward substituting for the inadequate and unworkable general property tax a system of individual and corporate taxation of high character such as we now have in the State of New York as a result of the action of the Legislature recently adjourned. The system in New York is now superior in important respects to that of Wisconsin, the only other American State which has seriously grappled with the problem. While there remains something yet to be done in improving the system of taxing public utilities, I find that those who are best informed upon taxation in the country recognize that the revision of the tax system recently made by New York marks an epoch in the history of American finance.

And now as to the chief burden of the criticism by The Outlook, that the substance of the imposition of the tax really puts the cart before the horse, that it is bad procedure to impose an effective income tax, with all its possibilities of increasing the rate and extending the volume of revenue, before adequate effort is made to check wasteful and extravagant and more or less uncontrolled expenditure. Technically this position is correct. Practically it is not.

In the first place, as The Outlook intimates, it was a condition and not a theory which confronted the Legislature. Owing to the modern method of administering certain forms of taxation by the State Government, and then distributing the proceeds between the State and the localities, it has become more and more necessary for States to consider the local and especially the municipal situation in all matters of revenue. As the result of the prospective wiping out of the excise revenues through war-time and Constitutional prohibition, and as the result also of the mounting costs of labor and commodities and personal services growing out of war-price conditions, the State and the municipalities of New York were suddenly confronted with a prospective deficit for the current year of about fifty-three million dollars. Now real estate is heavily burdened already. Personal property has proved itself generally in this country, and especially in the State of New York, a most elusive source of revenue. The so-called indirect taxes, like those upon inheritances and mortgages and motor vehicles, might be made to produce a few extra millions; but all the suggestions together would not begin to produce fifty-three millions. There was only one possible source left to which to turn, and that was income.

Now to continue still to be practical. In private expenditure, and theoretically in any kind of expenditure, the first thing to do would be to check waste and extravagance and begin to shut the sluicegates of financial folly, so far as there is any. But that is not the way it happens in the case of public expenditure. The great difficulty about checking extravagance in commonwealth or nation through the introduction of a thorough budget system is that this reform breaks down the sanctified system of special appropriations for particular districts under the easy method of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you." There is so much good and easy politics in that from the legislator's standpoint that it takes something more than the statesmanship of financial idealism to alter it. It begins to be altered only when the taxpayer himself for the first time begins directly to feel the pinch of it, and that is precisely what happens when the direct and personal income tax is laid upon the citizen. The Congress of the United States seems to be about to establish a National budget system to check the flow of uncontrolled extravagance, but that prospectively happy issue out of our afflictions might not have come for a generation—it has already been talked about for a generation—if it had not been for the direct pressure and burden of the Federal income tax upon the citizen. Now something will no doubt be done about it.

The same thing, in my opinion, will happen in the States as they adopt the direct income tax and push the pressure of it down to reach justly as many persons as possible. The demand for a thorough State and municipal budget system and the control of expenditure in a vigorous fashion will then grow by leaps and bounds. And I can see no other practical way. So, instead of its being haphazard financial procedure to impose a State income tax before expenditure is checked, as The Outlook seems to think, I regard it as the most direct, designed, and certain way of beginning to accomplish a greatly to be desired end.

In fact, it has long seemed to me that the direct personal income tax is particularly needed by the separate commonwealths of the Union, not only as a means of financial reinvigoration, but as a means of obtaining in the States a more sensitive and critical citizenship. The tide of nationality is running full and strong, and will run stronger; and the eye of the citizen is becoming very critical upon Washington. There would seem to be no need, save in times of emergency, for the employment in any high degree of the income tax by the National Government. The National Government has not yet begun to tap the legitimate indirect sources which are so naturally available for Federal purposes.

If the Government of the country is not to grow top-heavy and topple over, if centralization at Washington is not to become increasingly dangerous to freedom, then something must be done to make the local State governments strong and efficient and to fix the attention of the citizen upon his own commonwealth and its increasingly important function under our Federal system. If free government fails in America, it will be because the State governments fail. My own view is that the best thing which could happen to the financial system of the separate States would be the imitation of the action of New York and the adoption of the income tax principle throughout the commonwealths of the Union. There is no tax which so brings the taxpayer to close quarters with Government revenues and expenditures or so practically brings home to him the responsibility of citizenship.

WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of June 4, 1919

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Church and Social Reconstruction; A Great Educational Scheme; To Fight Disease and Destitution; The Children's Bureau Conference; The Farmer's Boy and the School.

Reference: Pages 182, 184.

Questions:

1. What are the things the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church urge that the Church favor? Do you think the pulpit should have anything to do with such subjects? Reasons. 2. What are the principles and the spirit of Christ's teachings? If these were applied to modern industry, what changes, in your opinion, would have to take place in the management of industry? 3. Could a person or a corporation that believed in practicing Christian principles conduct a successful modern business? Discuss. 4. State the facts about and then discuss the value of the great educational scheme explained by The Outlook on page 182. 5. What, in your opinion, are the practical, personal, and National moral values in supporting the new League of Red Cross Societies? 6. Tell very briefly your personal opinion of each one of the topics discussed at the Washington conference on child wefare. 7. Discuss at some length the physical, the economic, and the social values of keeping children in school until they are eighteen years of age. 8. Describe and tell the importance of the Juvenile Court, a distinctly American institution. Is not the home really responsible for juvenile offenders? Discuss. 9. Tell why, in your opinion, the United States has never attacked the problem of rural child labor and the lack of schooling that goes with it. Discuss the importance of attacking this problem. 10. In connection with this topic read "The New Citizenship," by A. T. Robertson (Revell), and "Social Problems," by E. T. Towne (Macmillan).

B. Topic: What the Bolshevists Have Done to Russia; The War's Effect Upon Our Economic Philosophy; America and Russia—A Contrast.

Reference: Pages 193–196; 203–205; 185.

Questions:

Note.—At least three lessons should be devoted to this topic. 1. What is Mr. Carasso's explanation of the "bitter life-and-death struggle between peasant and soviet"? Who comprise the soviets? What are they? 2. Is Bolshevism an anti-religious affair? Reasons. 3. Give a summary of what Dr. Carasso says about Bolshevism and education. What is your explanation of the Bolshevist attitude toward education? 4. Do you think the treatment of the Russian aristocracy by the Bolshevists justifiable? Tell why or why not. 5. State and discuss what Dr. Carasso believes the world's task with regard to Bolshevism is. 6. Select ten sentences from Mr. Price's article which you consider well worth discussing and explain why you think them worth discussing. 7. What does the expression "the injustices of individualism" mean? Do you believe in "a greater degree of welfare" for common laborers? Reasons. 8. What is a commodity? Is labor such? Discuss at length. 9. The Outlook says: "The Socialism that Mr. Price discusses and the Socialism which the Bolshevists are practicing are as wide as the poles apart." Show why. 10. Many believe America stands greatly in need of economic reconstruction. Show how this could be effected without revolution. 11. Read three very suggestive books: "Progress and History," by F. S. Marvin (Oxford University Press); "The Economics of Progress," by J. M. Robertson (Dutton); "Reconstruction and National Life," by C. F. Lovell (Macmillan).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: Stupidity in Property and Politics.

Reference: Pages 191–193.

Questions:

1. Judging from what Senator Davenport says, what is the condition of politics in the New York Legislature? Is such a condition peculiar to New York? Proof. 2. To what extent do you think "business interests" control both the economic and the political interests of our country? Discuss. 3. Explain at length the meaning of: "The greatest breeder of Bolshevism and Socialism is blind Bourbonism." Illustrate freely. 4. Senator Davenport believes that had "big business" a decade ago listened to and accepted Mr. Roosevelt and his economic and social convictions, they and America would be much better off to-day. Explain just what Mr. Roosevelt believed in these respects. Do you agree with Mr. Davenport? 5. Read Muzzey's "American History," pages 591–609 (Ginn), and "The Life of Theodore Roosevelt," by W. D. Lewis (Winston).

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Economic and political discontent cannot be cured by force. 2. The end never justifies the means.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for June 4, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words.* The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Christian Socialism (182); a normal home (184); fiasco, perforce, duress, charlatan (194).

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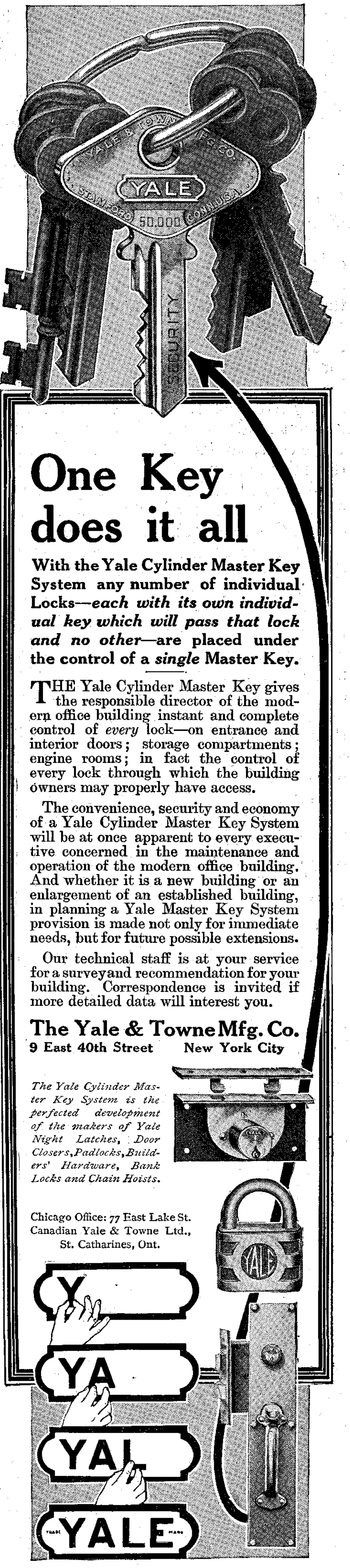

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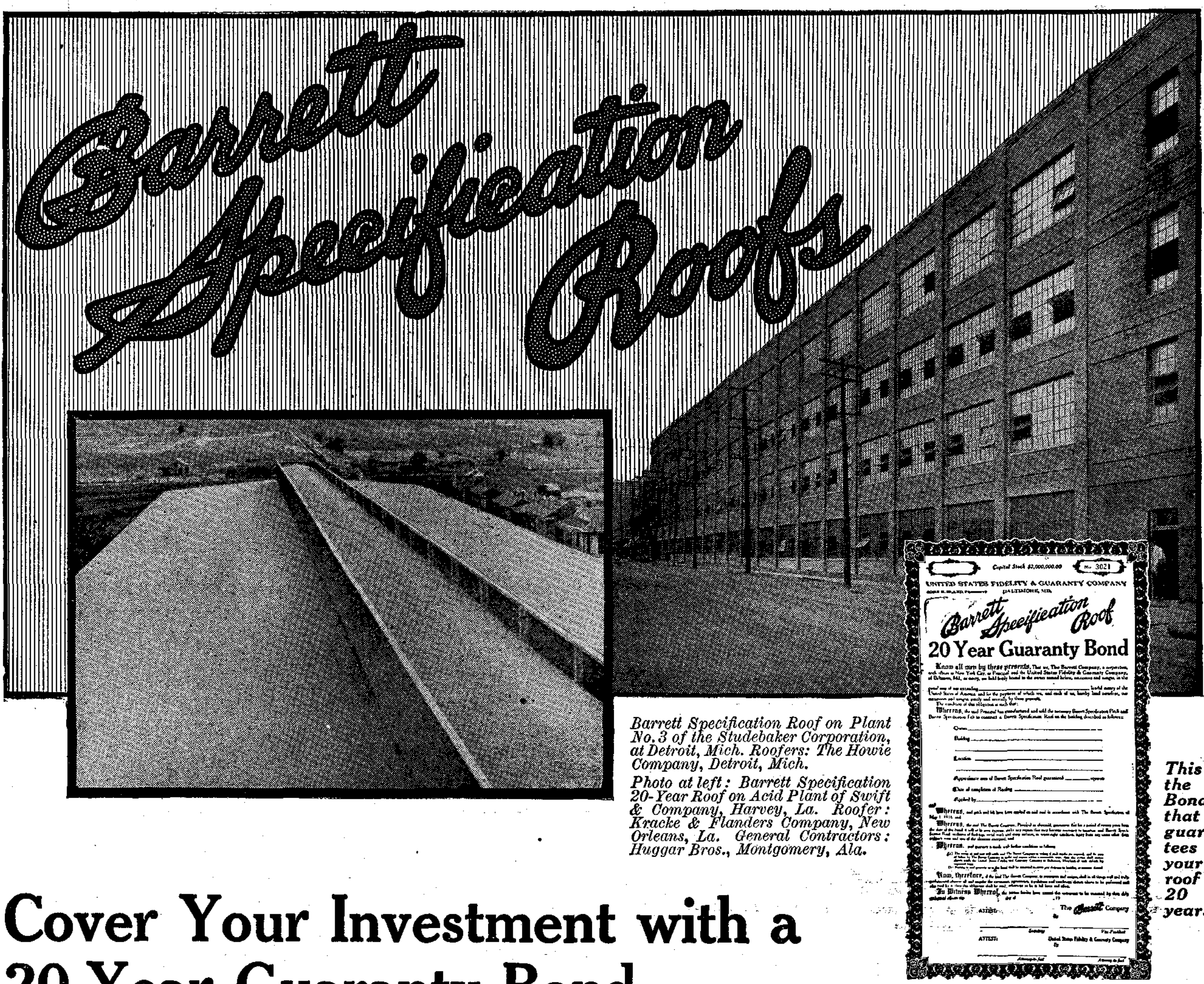

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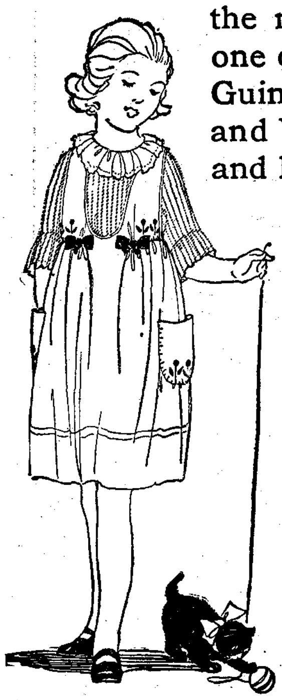

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THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Hohenzollerns in America (The). With the Bolsheviks in Berlin and Other Impossibilities. By Stephen Leacock. The John Lane Company, New York.

Some of the slighter and shorter bits of burlesque writing in this collection strike us as more truly humorous than the over-elaborated account of the life of "Uncle William" as a peddler in New York living in tenements with his Hohenzollern tribe.

Nixola of Wall Street. By Felix Grendon. The Century Company, New York.

Nixola is a girl private secretary with large ability and ambition, and withal a good deal of a coquette in her personal relations to her employer and other admirers. There is satire on excessive efficiency system in business, on art fads, and on social caste.

Rosy. By Louis Dodge. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A romance of the Ozark Mountains. The situation is odd, improbable, but also convincing—a young girl conceals for months in the farmhouse where she lives her lonely life or in a cave close by a young man who has fled from the draft. Meanwhile the man whom she loves enlists in the other's name, partly from honest patriotism and partly to escape rearrest for a technical crime he has committed to get even with a scoundrel who has ruined his father. The tale is distinctly well written and grasps the attention strongly.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Chimney-Pot Papers. By Charles S. Brooks. Illustrated. The Yale University Press, New Haven.

A book fair to the eye and pleasant to the mind. The author wins the sympathy of the reader at the start and keeps it in his many excursions in both objective and subjective realms. There is no conscious attempt at "brilliant" writing, and many readers will like the book all the better for this.

BIOGRAPHY

Clemenceau: The Man and His Time. By H. M. Hyndman. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

It is significant of a broader perspective among men that an English Socialist leader should be the sympathetic biographer of one whom French Socialists have long opposed, the present French Premier. Mr. Hyndman's book appears at the right time. In a note to his biographer, Clemenceau says:

> I have nothing to say about myself, except that I am doing my best, with the feeling that it will never be enough. . . . In so vast a drama, my dear friend, my personality does not count. . . . I ask only to see the day of the great victory.

To that day Clemenceau has certainly contributed as much as any one. But the victory will not have been wholly won unless that part of Clemenceau's work—the assuring to France of safeguards against future attack—is established. One needs to be on the ground to realize how absolutely necessary these safeguards are. Mr. Hyndman describes the great Frenchman at many critical stages in his life, and the description is no unqualified panegyric; it is that of a severe critic, who is, paradoxical as it may seem, also an honest admirer. The book shows Clemenceau as

The New Books (Continued)

liable to make the mistakes due to one of his temperament. But it also shows him in every respect a "stalwart." No matter what Clemenceau may say in disparagement of his personality, it is that very rugged and commanding personality which has not only brought strength to France but has also given force to her as a prime factor in the society of nations.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

Bismarck. By C. Grant Robertson, M.A., C.V.O. Makers of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Basil Williams. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Of the making of books about Bismarck there seems to be no end. Many students of German history already have a shelf full of works on Bismarck—biographies and studies concerning the Iron Chancellor's influence. It would seem as if this shelf-full were enough for any student, yet the present volume, coming when one is viewing the wreck of Bismarck's Empire, has a perspective denied to its predecessors.

Democracy in Reconstruction. Edited by Frederick A. Cleveland and Joseph Schafer. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

The somewhat colorless title of this book ought not to restrict its circulation. It contains living, vital discussions of the questions that now confront the world, and may be regarded as essential to all students of reconstruction problems.

Era of the Civil War (The), 1848-1870. By Arthur Charles Cole. **The Centennial History of Illinois.** Vol. III. Illustrated. Illinois Centennial Commission, Springfield.

A period of great interest in the development of one of our greatest States is succinctly and comprehensively described in this book. Numerous illustrations enliven its pages.

Experiments in International Administration. By Francis Bowes Sayre. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Mr. Sayre traces the development of the idea of a League of Nations through the centuries, in which the brotherhood of mankind has often been but an empty phrase; now, however, it "may be given a structure of force and reality," for international co-operation has become a necessity. The principal reason for the failure of previous attempts at international administration is, in the author's opinion, because treaties have been written in the interest of rulers rather than of peoples, and because "nations have been unwilling to submit to a sufficient amount of external control to make an effective international executive organ possible." "If the treaty of 1919," he says, "is to succeed where others have failed, it must be founded upon the broad interest of peoples," not upon "the narrow ambition and selfish interest of triumphant governments;" moreover, some guaranty must be found "more effective than mere words to make secure the keeping of peace."

WAR BOOKS

Dramatic Story of Old Glory (The). By Samuel Abbott. Foreword by James M. Beck. Illustrated. Boni & Liveright, New York.

How the American flag was devised, developed, and carried over the continent and the world—how it received the name "Old Glory"—how it has maintained its reputation in the world war—all this, with much other relevant information, is here made into a lively and interesting book. Such a story, it would seem, ought to have been further enlivened with color pictures of the flag's evolution.

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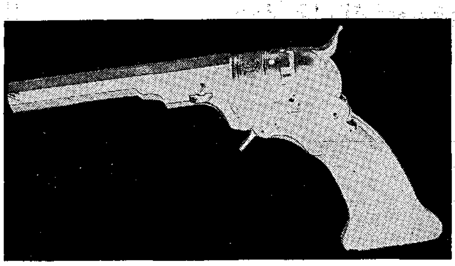
THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

THE PISTOL AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN REVOLVER

This article is designed to give a brief review of small firearms, and supplements two articles on "The Story of Firearms" which appeared in The Outlook in the issues of September 11 and 18, 1918.

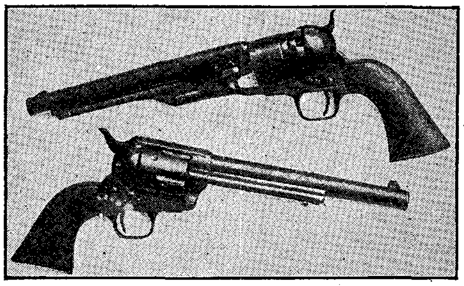
THE term "revolver" is employed so generally in this country, and the real American army revolver has played so important a rôle in our history, that the word is frequently confused with the more comprehensive and accurate term "pistol." Strictly speaking, the word "revolver" merely describes that form of multi-shot pistol which carries its cartridges in a rotary cylinder. In the service the revolver is generally called "pistol," and in the South, where the weapon is used much, the word "pistol" has usually been applied to it by the men who know it best. In the West the revolver has various designations, such as "gun," "six-gun," "six-shooter," "smoke-wagon," etc. We shall therefore use the term "pistol" throughout this article, except where the word "revolver" particularly applies.



THE ORIGINAL COLT REVOLVER (PATERSON MODEL, 1836)

Pistols are understood to have been made for the first time at Pistoia, Italy, whence they receive the name. Caminello Vitelli is the accredited inventor, who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is also claimed, however, that the Germans possessed small arms several decades previously. The Italian pistol had a short barrel and a heavy, clumsy butt surmounted by enormous balls or caps. The earliest pistols were of the wheel-lock type. Then came the flint-lock variety, about 1630, and this type was in common use for more than two centuries. Flint-lock pistols fell into three main groups: first, horse pistols, embracing all large varieties; second, dueling pistols; and, third, pocket pistols.

Dueling pistols were most accurately made and were considered deadly at twenty paces. These represent some of the finest specimens of the gunmaker's art. These early pistols were finished to suit the social order of the age—exquisite works of art for the nobility; plain but graceful and reliable weapons for the gentry; and coarse but efficient equipment for the middle and lower classes. Dueling was much in vogue in Europe in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and played a part in our own early history. Every one recalls the tragic death of Alexander Hamilton at the hand of Aaron Burr. Another famous early American duel was between Stephen Decatur and Commodore James Barron in 1820, which resulted in Decatur's death. But dueling came into disfavor and was ultimately forbidden by law.



TYPES OF "GUNS" USED IN THE PIONEER DAYS IN THE WEST

The reign of George III (1760–1820) saw the culmination of the flint-lock period and the beginning of the percussion era. It was during this period that English gunsmiths attained world-wide celebrity for the excellence of their weapons.

The first shot of the Revolutionary War, which provoked the skirmish of Lexington, was fired by Major Pitcairn at Captain Parker's men from an old Highlander flint-lock pistol. A few hours after he fired the momentous shot he fell wounded from his saddle, and his horse galloped into the American lines bearing his pistols. These were carried during the war by General Putnam, and are now the property of the town of Lexington.

The principle of a revolving breech to one barrel is very old and was employed on the ancient hand cannon. In the ancient type the chamber was moved around by hand, while in the modern weapon it is geared to other mechanism and is automatically rotated when the hammer is raised or the trigger pulled.

The percussion principle was patented in 1807. In the battle of Waterloo both flint-lock and percussion weapons were in use, but the percussion pieces were the personal property of the officers who carried them.

In 1814 a self-acting revolver mechanism of a crude pattern was produced and a separate spring was used to rotate the chamber. Early in the last century a crude form of revolver called the "pepper-box" was widely manufactured. This resembled a revolver without a barrel, the hammer being placed either above or below the chamber, and the pulling of the trigger rotated this chamber and also cocked and fired the weapon.

Thus it possessed the trigger action of the modern double-action revolver. The early American revolvers were single-action; that is, the trigger was used only to fire the weapon.

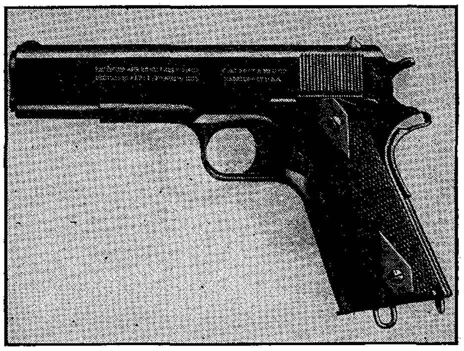
Despite the claims of European inventors, there is no doubt that the revolver in all its best applications is the outcome of American ingenuity and workmanship, and it may well be termed the National weapon. Charles W. Sawyer, a leading authority on firearms, says:

> The revolver is distinctly an American weapon in invention, development, and service. Symbolically, it should occupy a niche of honor, for it stands for invention, the extension of territory, the suppression of lawlessness, the influx of wealth, and, in general, for power. In the progress of nations, and particularly in the tremendous strides of the United States, it has performed a remarkable service.

The inventor of the first real revolver, from which all later models have been developed, was Colonel Samuel Colt. While a mere lad, Colt, in 1827, shipped before the mast for a voyage from Boston to Calcutta. It was on this voyage that he whittled out a wooden model of the revolver which was to play such an important part in American history. Upon his return Colt endeavored to interest his father in his invention, and, failing in this, he went to Europe and took out his first patents in 1835. The next year he returned and took out American patents and succeeded in forming a company to manufacture his new firearm. This did not find favor with army officers, and Colt was greatly disappointed. The first Colt pistols were sold in Texas, which in 1836 won its independence from Mexico. These pistols were used by the cowboys and State militia and became known as the "Texas pistol."

In 1837–8 the Seminole Indian War was raging in Florida. The introduction of Colt's repeating weapons struck terror into the hearts of the Indians, who were used only to single-loaders, and this helped greatly in bringing the war to a successful conclusion.

The following year the captain of the Texas Rangers, named Walker, came to New York for a supply of the latest firearms. He interviewed Colt, and they evolved the first type of heavy military revolver, which became known as the "Walker Pistol." In 1846 the Mexican War broke out and the army officers immediately sought Colt revolvers. The United States Government issued large orders to Colt for these weapons and he began to manufacture a model called the "Old Model Army Pistol." These weapons proved highly efficient, especially at close-range fighting, which the Mexicans then preferred. The issue of these weapons marked the first real recognition by the Government of the revolver as a regulation military arm. The great superiority of the American troops over the Mexicans and their much smaller casualties were largely due to the use of revolvers, while the Mexican firearms were all single-shot. An American officer said afterward: "Those Texas Rangers with Colt revolvers walked right into towns and hamlets of the Mexicans and drove the population out against all resistance. Eighty men with those arms drove five hundred Mexicans before them and killed two hundred and fifty more." The word "Tejano" (Texan) is a synonym in Mexico to this day for a good revolver shot.



UNITED STATES REGULATION CALIBER .45 COLT AUTOMATIC PISTOL (USED BY AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD WAR)

After the Mexican War Colt made several trips to Europe, and he read a paper on revolvers before the Institute of Civil

Engineers in London. As a result he received enormous orders from the English Government.

In 1849 Edwin Wesson took out a patent for a revolver identical in principle with Colt's but different in appearance and mechanism.

During the Crimean War large orders for American revolvers were placed by both the English and Russian Governments.

At the outbreak of the Civil War revolvers were in general use on both sides. Some troops, notably Mosby's Guerrillas, were armed only with revolvers, two in the belt and two in the saddle holsters. These proved extraordinarily fatal in cavalry conflicts.

In Cuba and the Philippines the revolver also proved its excellence as a military weapon.

The revolver has not only played its part in war, but figures largely in the romance of early American days and in the Western extension of the frontier. The cowboy of the romantic West cherished his "gun" closer than a brother and often it stood between him and sudden death. In 1849 gold was discovered in California and a vast horde of treasure-seekers poured forth into the mining camps. These were made up of all grades of society. Law and order could be maintained only by force, and every man carried his six-shooter and was quick on the trigger. During this period the demand in the West for revolvers almost equaled the total number of inhabitants, for even the women went armed. The reader of Bret Harte is frequently thrilled by "gun-play," and the modern "wild West" movie would often fall flat without the display of the trusty "shooting-iron." We see the strained faces of the gamblers around the card table. A card drops from the sleeve of one of the players—there is a loud report and a smoking, ugly-looking, short-barreled Derringer falls from the pocket of his opponent, whence the shot was fired!

And the old South was full of the romance of the weapon which all gentlemen carried. How easily we picture the old "Southern gentleman," who wore a long black tail-coat, with a pistol in each tail pocket. This was an advantageous garment, for a quick sweep of the coat tail allowed the wearer to fire from the hip with great freedom of action. Brave indeed was the man who dared offer a "gentleman" a gratuitous affront.

The newspaper editors of those early days found it necessary to be as efficient with the "gun" as with the pen. The unwary wielding of the pen often led to the compulsory and sudden drawing of the shooting-iron. For an editor would often offend, and then woe to such a one if he were too slow on the trigger! Such an affair of honor was the famous fight between R. F. Beine, of the Richmond "State," and W. C. Elam, of the "Wing," as late as 1883.

In the last fifty years there have been various changes and improvements made in revolvers and pistols, mainly in the direction of greater rapidity of fire and greater safety in handling. The hammerless revolver was evolved, in which an internal hammer is worked by the pull of the trigger. There is therefore no projecting protuberance to catch in one's clothing and discharge the revolver accidentally. An automatic safety bolt has also been devised which makes accidental discharge absolutely impossible.

Another development is the automatic revolver, in which the principle of utilizing the recoil of each shot to operate the mechanism is applied.

The latest weapon devised, which is notable for its rapidity of fire, is the automatic pistol. It is probable that this type of weapon will ultimately supersede the revolver. It is made with one barrel and a magazine, on the principle of the repeating rifle. With these weapons two Russian Anarchists some years ago were able to defy the entire police force of London and initiate the memorable "siege of Sidney Street"—an affair which necessitated the calling out of the troops and raised such a popular outcry over the insufficient armament of the London police that they were shortly after armed with automatic pistols.

The automatic pistol was part of the regular equipment of United States Army officers in the late European war. These automatics fire seven shots as fast as the trigger can be pulled, and are therefore the most efficient small arms for close fighting that have ever been devised.

In certain States revolvers have fallen somewhat into disrepute because of the operations of gangs of "gunmen," and stringent laws have been passed regulating the sale of such weapons. Yet it is always easy for the person with evil intent to secure a pistol or revolver, while often the innocent and defenseless person is without this means of protection. The writer believes that the possession of such a weapon, especially when equipped with the modern safety devices, is often most essential, particularly in small towns and isolated sections where help is not instantly available in case of sudden need. Many a man when obliged to be away from home feels an added sense of security if his wife has a hammerless revolver and has learned how to handle it properly.

Target-shooting with either pistol or revolver is rapidly becoming more popular. It is truly remarkable what accuracy can be attained with these weapons with a fair amount of practice. One of the most famous American pistol shots was Ira A. Paine. He became so expert with the pistol that he traveled all through Europe giving exhibitions. His shooting was so remarkable that in 1882, in the presence of a notable assemblage, he was knighted by the King of Portugal and made a chevalier of an ancient military order. His skill was such that he was commonly supposed to resort to tricks to accomplish his results and many attempts were made to expose him.

The ability to handle a pistol or revolver properly and the knowledge of what can be accomplished with such a weapon is of real value to the possessor. It not only trains him to co-ordinate brain, eye, and muscle, but instills self-confidence and self-reliance. The revolver is deservedly popular in America and has made a record for itself which is beyond dispute. Properly handled and understood, it should receive more general recognition as a means of protection and of fascinating outdoor sport and recreation.

We are indebted to the following sources for data in connection with this article:

"The Book of the Pistol and Revolver," by Hugh B. Pollard.

"Modern American Pistols and Revolvers," by A. C. Gould.

"Firearms in American History," by Charles W. Sawyer.

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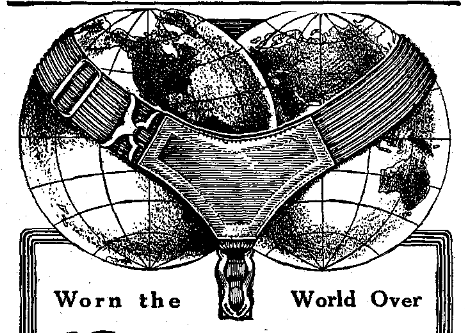

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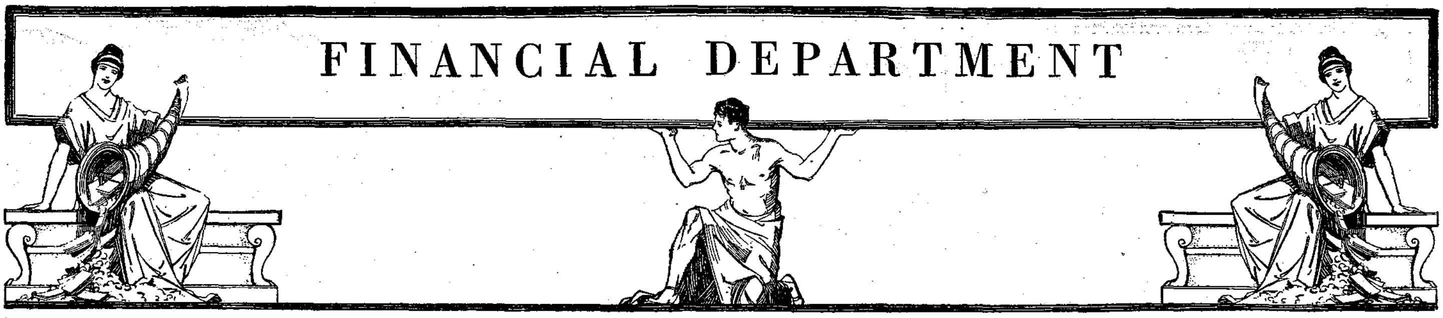

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

FINANCIAL COMMENT

PRICE TREND OF THE NEW YORK STOCK MARKET

THE New York " Times " gives a very interesting chart showing the high and low of thirty industrials and twenty railway stocks over a period from January, 1915, to May 20, 1919.

The average thirty industrial stocks have risen from January, 1915, at which time the low was 49½, to December, 1916, when the high was 104. The next low point was in November, 1917, when the average price reached was 70½, and since that time there has been a continued advancing trend, with minor reactions, to May 20, 1919, when the thirty industrials touched an average price of 103.

In the case of the railway stocks the situation is different. In January, 1915, the average price of twenty railways was 73½, and until December, 1916, showed an upward trend to an average price of 93½, and from that time until December 30, 1917, a downward trend to an average price of 65½. Since that date they have risen only to 77½, or 12½ points, while the thirty industrial stock average has risen 32½ points.

SPECULATION AND INVESTMENT IN OIL SECURITIES

There is a mistaken idea that oil and conservatism can never go hand in hand. If a man would as carefully scrutinize his oil investments as he would any other and not be misled by exaggerated statements of unscrupulous promoters, he might profit to a greater extent in finding the oil industry a field for investment as well as a wild and hazardous speculation. There is a difference between a well-secured obligation of a responsible concern showing large earnings, and a prospect of no value; and it may be worth while for investors to give this serious thought, but they should not rely upon the judgment of an unscrupulous promoter or his agents. Write to this department of The Outlook if you are in doubt.

RAILWAY APPROPRIATION

Director-General of Railroads Walker D. Hines has made an appeal to Congress for an appropriation of $1,200,000,000 to cover the deficit incurred during 1918 and to carry the needs of the current year. If this request is granted, it will bring the total appropriation for the Railroad Administration up to $1,700,000,000. Of this total sum about seventy per cent represents money which will be tied up in working capital and should be returned to the Government as soon as practicable. The remaining thirty per cent will represent actual operating deficit for the year 1918 and the first part of 1919, the causes for which are twofold: first, the high level of cost for labor and materials; and, secondly, the falling off of business, and consequently shipments, since the cessation of war activities. This condition looms up as most discouraging, showing as it does growing deficits, and one would naturally believe that it would result in depressing the " rails." But it hasn't; on the contrary, this new development has been accepted by the public as a bull factor, and several of the medium-priced railway stocks have attained higher levels.

CONGRESS AND THE RAILWAYS

The President has decreed that " the railroads will be handed over to their owners at the end of the calendar year." This emphasizes the necessity of prompt Congressional action. Of course the roads cannot be turned back in their present state, for that would spell disaster and bankruptcy. Under Government management operating costs have increased so enormously that the majority of the roads are hardly earning their running expenses.

As soon as possible the country must begin railway construction and improvement. The physical position of some of the roads is lamentable. Some of them are badly off for rails and equipment, and indications are that their owners will formulate a practical programme for development. If the roads were turned back, under present conditions, without provision for adequate income, they would in short order become bankrupt, unable to pay either dividends or interest charges.

Congress must act to avert such a critical situation.

ARE RAILWAY BONDS BARGAINS TO-DAY?

Many authorities consider railway bonds cheap at the present time. During April the average for twenty bonds of high-grade and second-grade character was about 7½ points below the low point reached in the 1907 panic. However, we must realize that many corporations have been waiting to finance until after the Liberty Loans were successfully consummated, and a considerable amount of available investment capital will be taken up by the sale to American investors of foreign securities. The stock market in its buoyant stage attracts a fair amount of capital, and it is estimated that over $1,000,000,000 is now borrowed by brokers for their clients' account, but it

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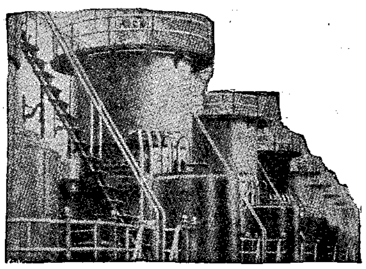

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Financial Statement

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Total bonded debt	**625,500**
Population (1915)	**56,896**

This county is one of the richest agricultural counties of the state of Iowa, in the *heart of the Corn Belt* of the Middle West. Land is conservatively valued at $225 to $300 per acre. Council Bluffs, the County seat, has 29,292 people served by eight great trunk lines of railroads, is one of the largest agricultural implement distributing points in the country as well as having the largest grain storage elevators in the Missouri Valley, and doing a large jobbing and distributing business in all lines.

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Financial Comment (Continued)

seems to be the consensus of opinion among bond men and bankers of note that the bond market has started on its upward swing—the more gradual it is, probably the more lasting.

Well-secured bonds with a fair yield of an established railway system can, we believe, be purchased now with equanimity, but whether or not they are bargains depends upon the action of Congress.

THE INFLUX OF MONEY TO WALL STREET

When the demand for loans upon banks in the interior of our country is small and the interest rates decline to the point where there is little profit, it is customary for these banks to ship their funds to New York City. As the money accumulates in the small banks it is sent to the financial centers, and thence remitted by the Reserve banks to New York City, where it is placed on deposit with interest in the New York banks. This money in time finds its way to the Wall Street loan market, where it enjoys temporary employment at a fairly high interest rate. Money rates in New York City are always fairly high, but inclined to fluctuate widely. Not long ago call money touched 7 per cent, only to fall down to 3½ per cent in a few days' time, due to the arrival of funds from the interior. Borrowing by the Wall Street brokers recently crossed the billion-dollar mark.

This great activity in the stock market and the fact that money has not been sent East since the war broke out have accentuated the present Eastward movement. In the fall local demands will be the occasion for withdrawal of these funds sent to New York City for temporary employment, for it is only in the in-between or off season that outside money has to seek the Wall Street loan market.

SOUTH AMERICAN FINANCING

A syndicate of Eastern bankers recently brought out a large issue of city of Rio de Janeiro 6 per cent serial bonds, with an attractive yield of 6½ per cent. This is the first important bit of foreign financing since the cessation of hostilities, and one of the few loans our country has granted South America. In former years the financing for our Southern neighbors was done almost entirely by the European countries. Our start in this direction is regarded with favor, for it is realized that the money we loan to South American countries stimulates our commerce with these countries. It is declared that other pieces of South American financing are being considered by American bankers.

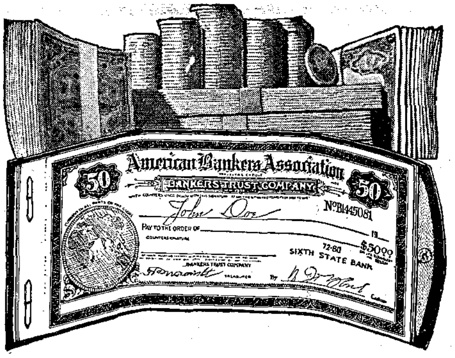
THE COLLEGE AND THE CAMP

BY ANNA WORTHINGTON COALE

"Camping for Girls" is the subject of a fresh bulletin issued from Teachers College, New York City, announcing a new course which offers a general survey of the entire camping field, for the purpose of preparing leaders who are contemplating entering this new educational work. This course has the lure of woods in springtime, since it not only projects the prospective leader of girl campers into nine weeks of life in the open, but also gives glimpses of the trail, through veteran campers like Dan Beard, and, so to speak, straps on the pack with a woodsman whose knowledge of packing for the trail has been of value to the Government in saving seventy per cent of the space and vast sums of money formerly used in sending equipment for the Army overseas. It introduces the birds through representatives of the Audubon Society and gives the students three days of real camping experience through the hospitality of the Woodcraft League under the guidance of Ernest Thompson Seton. The lectures in this course include such subjects as "All-Year Camping Programme," "Recreational Methods of Teaching," "Educational Values of Camp Life."

This course, conducted by Teachers College in co-operation with the National Association of Directors of Girls' Camps, the Camp-Fire Girls, the Girl Scouts, the Woodcraft League, and the Camp Directors' Association of America (Boys' Camps), marks a notable effort to bring this important work up to the highest standards as regards ideals and practical working. Following the example of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, the Camp Directors of Girls' Camps have appointed a committee to outline a standard method for teaching swimming and life-saving. Upon its adoption by the Association it will be recommended to all the camps as a standard to which every councilor who intends to teach swimming and life-saving in girls' camps should conform.

This recognition of the educational value of the summer camp by Columbia University removes it from its former place as an organization for recreation only into the ranks of the educational movements of the day, and ought to be a great stimulus to those engaged in the important work of supplementing the training given in the schools. In a study made recently by the Public Health Association—a Nation-wide study of the health of the coming generation—it was found that fifty per cent of the twenty-five million boys and girls of school age in America have physical defects that impede their normal development. The camps have a great opportunity in helping to build up and secure the proper physical development of our boys and girls, so that, possessing greater vitality and endurance, they may be ready to contribute in larger measure than the present generation to the needs of their country.



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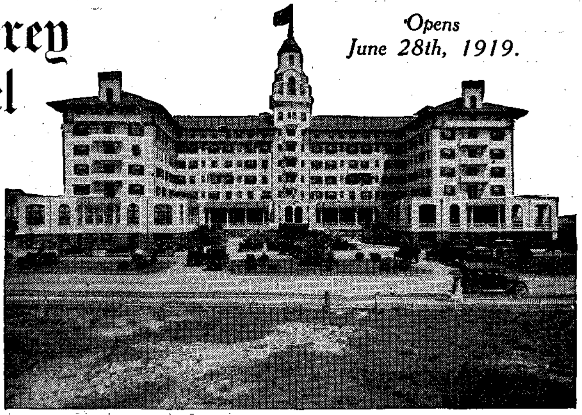

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BY THE WAY

"The Most Carefully Guarded Boy in America Killed by an Automobile when he was Out Alone for the First Time in His Life." This pathetic headline, carried in substance by all the dailies recently, brings to mind the story of Sindbad's seventh voyage—was it not?—and the inevitableness of fate. The sailor had been marooned on an apparently deserted island; he discovered a subterranean passage that led to palatial apartments; here he found a prince living in solitary state; why? Because the seers had foretold his death during this year, and his royal parents had sought to evade destiny by sending him to this lonely spot. Sindbad and the prince fraternized and made a feast. When the sailor began to cut a melon, his knife slipped, severed an artery in the prince's hand—and the augurs' prophecy was unhappily vindicated!

France is to have instruction in the home canning industry. Four missionaries of the art recently sailed from New York for that comparatively canless land to give lessons in the home preservation of food. Factories in France, of course, make canned goods, but even they do it, it is said, on a limited scale, with tin cans made by hand, slowly and in small lots.

"Apropos of Walt Whitman's centenary," a subscriber writes, "I wonder that he never made a poem out of the freight cars. There is certainly a lot of uplift to the spirit of the tied-down city dweller in the names on these cars. The other day, in a sordid factory and tenement district of New York City, I saw a freight train passing, and these were the roads that some of the cars came from: 'Frisco'—visions of '49, of the Golden Gate, of the blue Pacific! 'Père Marquette'—visions of the brave days of the explorers of the Mississippi Valley, of the racing steamboats later, of the Great Lakes! 'Northern Ontario'—visions of the cool North, of the Hudson's Bay Company, of the early *voyageurs!* 'Texas, Oklahoma, and Gulf'—visions of—you can supply these for yourself. But if Whitman didn't rise to this inspiration, perhaps the idea may be useful to some of his far-off imitators in this day of free verse. I offer it to them gratis."

A little manual on carpentry for boys contains this pregnant sentence: "Remember, it is not practice but study that will make possible doing the work right." The idea seems to be that if a boy goes ahead with the crude idea of "making something" he will develop into a "rule of thumb" worker, while the careful study of plans and methods will make him an accomplished and accurate artisan.

This advertisement from a daily paper gives the reader an unlooked-for glimpse into the inner life of a family:

> Wanted—Houseworker to run small household in country place; must know how to care for boy five and girl twelve *and be tactful enough to get along with their grandmother.* Address ——, etc.

A subscriber writes: "I am devoted to the moving-picture play, but I deplore the inanity of most of the movie dramas and the foolishness of many of the 'leaders' or captions introducing the pictures. I make an exception to one of these captions, however—in a play in which Mary Pickford is a 'slavey' heroine. She has made friends with Bess, a little dog next door. One day she is invited to come in to the

By the Way (Continued)

cellar where her dog friend lives, and finds that there is a litter of puppies to greet her. She bursts out naïvely: 'Why, doggie, I didn't know you was married!'"

The above-quoted note comes to hand at the same time that this story is printed in an evangelical weekly: A missionary to the Indians told of his difficulty in teaching English to his pupils. One of the backward ones came to him one day and informed him that a sparrow had built a nest in the crosstrees of his lodge. "Is there anything in the nest yet?" asked the missionary. "Heap much," said the Indian, proud of his English; "the sparrow has pups."

A North Carolina man, writing about his boyhood in the Atlanta "Constitution" and answering the question "What is good for a boy to eat?" says: "At this time of the year, according to the theories extant in North Carolina in 1870, a boy should have daily plenty of green fruit, pine rosin, young cucumbers, raw new potatoes, green blackberries, doughnuts, branch water and two hours in the swimming hole."

An after-dinner story-teller who had lived in China made a hit with this remark: "Anybody who doubts the wisdom of the Chinese should read their proverbs. They have a book of ten thousand proverbs, and they're all as wise and true as the first one in the volume, which says: 'It is safer to pull a tiger's tail than to call a woman's attention to her first gray hair.'"

The rubber eraser for obliterating pencil marks has long been a part of the standard equipment of a desk; a writer in "Popular Mechanics" extends the idea to the cleaning of wall paper, picture frames, etc. He says: "A rubber sponge, which may be purchased at five and ten cent stores, will clean wall paper very nicely. The rubber sponge (used dry, of course) can also be used to clean varnished woodwork, chandeliers, and other gilt or lacquered articles."

This story is credited to John Burroughs: "The Germans are the trickiest people in the world. A German at a dinner party took in a lady whose name he didn't catch. During the fish course he saw a man who had showed him up the week before in a crooked business deal, and he muttered to the lady, ferociously: 'Do you see that man to the left of the epergne? Well, if there's one man on earth I hate, it's him.' 'Why,' said the lady, 'he's my husband.' 'Yes, of course,' said the German; 'that's why I hate him.'"

A part of Dunsany's play "The Gods of the Mountain" ought to be posted in the dressing-room of every theater, a dramatic critic believes, to show actors the difference between disguise and impersonation. This is the passage quoted:

> The green cloth is brought to the seven beggars by a thief. The scene reads then like this:
>
> Ulf—We will wear a piece of it over our rags.
>
> Oogno—Yes, yes. we shall look fine.
>
> Agmar—That is not the way that we shall disguise ourselves.
>
> Oogno—Not cover our rags?
>
> Agmar—No, no. The first who looked closely would say: "These are only beggars. They have disguised themselves."
>
> Ulf—What shall we do?
>
> Agmar—Each of the seven shall wear a piece of the green raiment, underneath his rags. And peradventure here and there a little shall show through; and men shall say: "These seven have disguised themselves as beggars. But we know not what they be."

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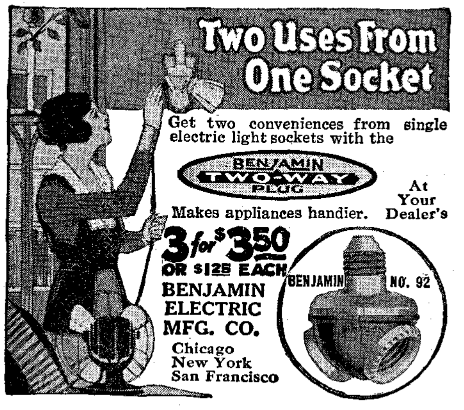
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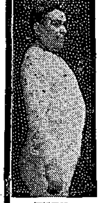

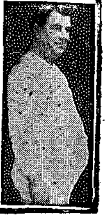

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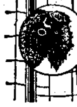

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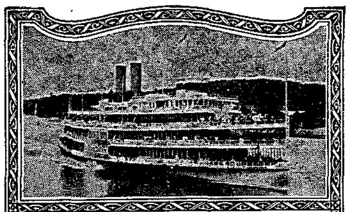

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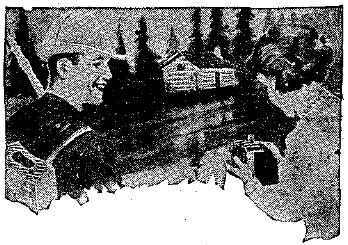

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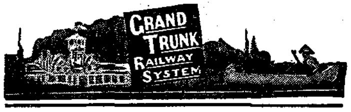

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American plan. Select family hotel; quiet, *residential section; excellent table;* elevator; near theatres and shopping district; homelike. Tourists accommodated—$3.50 per day and up. Suites—Two rooms and bath; single and double rooms.

CAPE COD THE PINES

COTUIT, MASS.

Boating, bathing excellent. Cottages. Ideal place for summer. Own garden. N. C. Morse.

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well

you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL

GREENFIELD, MASS.

It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

THE BERMAKEN

Kenberma, Mass.

QUIET, RESTFUL PLACE for quiet people. Ocean front. Modern improvements. Ample table. Fine bathing. **Cottage to rent.**

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

THE LESLIE

A quiet, cozy little house by the sea

PRIVATE BATHS. Descriptive booklet.

ATTLEBORO COTTAGE

OAK BLUFFS, MASS.

Opens last week in June, closes September 2.
Booklets. I. W. BABCOCK.

The Breezy Knoll Inn

ON LAKE PONTOOSUC
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

"Bathing and Boating in the Mountains"

Healthful climate, fine Berkshire scenery, charming walks and drives. Fishing, tennis. Excellent table. Booklet. L. M. Rockwell, Prop.

BEACH HOUSE

Siasconset, Mass.

NANTUCKET ISLAND

Golfers' Summer Paradise
Best 18-hole seashore course in U. S.
Tennis, surf bathing, etc.
No Malaria No Hay Fever No Hot Days
American Plan Moderate Rates

MERWIN J. BULKLEY, Proprietor

Rock Ridge, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Large, breezy, screened piazza. Running water in bedrooms. Private baths. Eggs, berries, cream, chicken. Rates moderate.

The Lafayette Lodge and Cottages

WORTHINGTON, MASS.

A large airy house with spacious porches, electric lights, open fires, running hot and cold water in all rooms. Also rooms with private baths. In the Berkshire Hills, 1,500 feet elevation. Golf, tennis, etc. (*Write for Booklet C.*)

Hotels and Resorts

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WILLIAMSTOWN
BERKSHIRE HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS
THE GREYLOCK
At the Western End of the Mohawk Trail
NOW OPEN
Send for copy of
"Williamstown the Village Beautiful"

NEW HAMPSHIRE

ALBAMONT
In the Beautiful Pemigewasset Valley
A genuine old time New England Hotel with all modern conveniences

Table bountifully supplied with certified milk and cream from our herd of thoroughbred Guernseys, poultry, eggs, vegetables and berries from our own farms of 1,000 acres. For Booklet and Full Particulars write **CHARLES M. BIDDLE, Mgr.**, **Campton, New Hampshire**

GOLF, tennis and mountain climbing. Fourteenth Annual Lawn Tennis Tournament for New Hampshire State and White Mts. Championship, auspices of United States National Lawn Tennis Association, July 29 and following days.

One of the Ideal Tour Hotels
CRAWFORD HOUSE
Crawford Notch
WHITE MTS., N. H.
SEASON, JUNE 25—OCT. 11
Address **BARRON HOTEL CO.**
Crawford House, Crawford Notch, N. H.

Winnepesaukee Farm and Annex
Lakeport, N. H. Capt. G. Elmer Sanborn, Proprietor. Grand view of lake. *Boating*, bathing. Vegetables, milk and berries a specialty. Garage. New England Phone 563-12.

SWIFT RIVER INN
Passaconaway, N. H. Opens **June 14.** 1,200 feet high. Trout fishing, bathing, tennis, mountain climbing. For particulars address LOUISE B. CRAIG, Conway, N. H.

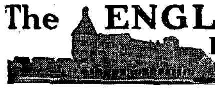
Come to Picturesque
Moosilaukee Inn

On the side of old Moosilaukee Mountain. Wonderful scenery, pure air, health-giving waters, wholesome food. No mosquitoes here. No hay fever. Plenty of sport. Golf (no charge), tennis, fishing, driving, walking, climbing. Refined people. No transient crowds. Season opens July 1st. Rates moderate. H. E. MacKee, Manager, Box 16, Breezy Point, Warren, N. H.

NEW JERSEY

Hotel Thedford Asbury Park New Jersey
Situated near the ocean and accessible to all points of interest. First class Family Hotel. Special attention to table. Booklet. Broad, breezy piazza. HARRY DUFFIELD, Prop.

The ENGLESIDE Beach Haven, N. J.



Opens June 20. The best combination of seashore features on the coast. Matchless bay for sailing and fishing, perfect beach and bathing. Five tennis courts. The Engleside has all the modern conveniences, private baths with sea and fresh water. Booklet. R. F. Engle, Mgr.

SURE RELIEF FROM HAY FEVER

NEW YORK

Back Log Camp *For All Lovers of the Open Air*
INDIAN LAKE
The Adirondacks

If you want to take your vacation in the woods, to spend your days on lakes, inlets, and trails, and your evenings and nights by the camp-fire, to fish, study birds and flowers, and climb mountains, to have the company of enthusiastic campers, and the guidance of a family who are experts in wilderness outing, send for the booklet on the "Back Log Idea." THOMAS K. BROWN, Westtown, Pa.

FENTON HOUSE Adirondacks 18 Cottages
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK

ADIRONDACKS
THE CRATER CLUB
Of the Burnham Cottage Settlement, Essex-on-Lake Champlain, offers to families of refinement at very moderate rates the attractions of a beautiful lake shore in a locality with a remarkable record for healthfulness. The club affords an excellent plain table and accommodation. The boating is safe, there are attractive walks and drives, and the points of interest in the Adirondacks are easily accessible. Ref. required. For information relative to board and lodging address Miss MARGARET FULLER, Club Mgr., 115 E. 71st St., New York.

Furnished cottages without housekeeping cares. Circulars and particulars on application. John B. Burnham, 233 B'way, New York.

Elmhurst Cottage, Adirondacks
Pleasant walks and drives, fresh vegetables, milk, eggs and chickens. $2.50 per day, $13 up per week. ½ mile from Ausable Club House. Mrs. R. E. WINCH, St. Huberts P. O., N. Y.

CAMP LINGERLONG
On Pine Lake. Includes 500 acres of wildest Adirondack Mountains. Hunting, fishing, swimming, canoeing, tennis, saddle horses. *Tramps to surrounding mountain peaks*, Lake George and Lake Champlain. Dancing. Excellent meals. Spring water. Cabins and tents $14, $16 and up. Private parties entirely isolated. References required. Manager, ROYDEN BARBER, Clemons, N. Y.

ADIRONDACKS
INTERBROOK LODGE and COTTAGES
Keene Valley, N. Y.
On direct trail to Mt. Marcy, very heart of Mts. Illustrated booklet giving description of Keene Valley and the Lodge sent on request. $15 and $18 a week. M. E. LUCK.

GOLDTHWAITE INN
On Great South Bay, Bellport, L. I. Cool, comfortable, charming Family Resort. Table supplied from own farm. Sports—sailing, fishing, ocean bathing, golf, tennis.

BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE
Blue Mountain Lake. N. Y.
Now open. High elevation. Beautiful mountain and lake scenery. Boating, fishing, autoing, etc. Illustrated booklet. M. T. Merwin, Prop.

Hotel Champlain
Bluff Point-on-Lake Champlain. N. Y.

HIGHEST point on lake—fireproof—every room a front room—800 acres—tennis—18-hole golf course—concrete garage—boating, bathing, fishing, motor highways in all directions. Excellent cuisine, American plan. Management Mr. J. P. Greaves, of Florida East Coast Hotels. Booklet on request.

Open June 25th

New York Booking Office,
243 Fifth Avenue

BEAR MOUNTAIN CAMP
CRANBERRY LAKE, N.Y.

J. M. BALDERSON, PROP.

The Algonquin Hotel
Bolton-on-Lake George, N. Y.
A modern homelike hotel for discriminating people. Ideal location on Bolton Bay. Excellent cuisine and service. All amusements. Own garden vegetables, milk, cream and chickens. *Special June and Sept. rates.* *$3.50 to $5 per day; $20 to $30 per week.* Handsome illustrated booklet. E. O. PENFIELD, Prop.

Guests received in an interesting old home. Convenient to village. Mountain view, flower garden, woods. Cream, fruit, vegetables from place. Theodore A. Cole, Catskill.

Helderberg Mts. Elmwood Farm
Ideal quiet farm home, large rooms, porch and bungalow, good table. Vegetables, dairy and poultry products produced on farm. *One hour from Albany State road, altitude 1,200 feet.* One of the most pleasant places in the Helderberg mts. Long distance telephone. New York mail arrives 10 A.M. Rates $9.00 to $12.00. Albany and Brooklyn reference. E. J. HUNT, Dormansville, N. Y.

THE HOTEL WILLARD
Rockhurst on Lake George, N. Y.
A Select Family Hotel

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK

Come to Camp Sacandaga on Lake Sacandaga
A camp for the lovers of the out-of-doors. Refined surroundings. Good table. Large living-hall. Cottages and tents for sleeping. Boats and canoes. Black bass fishing. Hikes into the woods. Nights around the camp-fire. Everything comfortable and homelike. Folder and terms upon application. Address CHAS. T. MEYER, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton Co., N. Y.

HOW would you like to live for 2 or 3 weeks or months, in cottage or hotel, on a strip of land

VIRTUALLY SIX MILES AT SEA?
Where there are congenial neighbors and all of the conveniences of home. Where the breeze seldom stops blowing; where boating, bathing and fishing are daily pastimes and where the cost is reasonable. Do you know that

POINT O' WOODS, L. I.
only 50 miles from New York, is such a place?
Direct inquiries to C. W. NASH, Supt., Point O' Woods, L. I.

Sunset Camp Cottages, Bungalows, and Tents
Modern improvements. Write for booklet and reference. R. Bennett, Raquette Lake, N. Y.

NEW GRANT HOUSE
Stamford, N. Y., in-the-Catskills
Famous for its cuisine, select clientage, and home atmosphere. Suites with private baths. Orchestra. Golf, tennis, swimming pool. Saddle horses. Booklet. E. L. JONES, Mgr.

Southworth Villa, in the Switzerland of Delaware Co. 1,850 ft. elevation. Homelike, restful, comfortable. Excellent table. Fresh dairy products and vegetables. Charming walks and drives. Golf, tennis, croquet. Ad. E. B. Southworth, Prop., Trout Creek, N. Y.

THE PINES
Windham, Greene Co., N. Y.
26th Season
Offers you nice clean accommodations amidst beautiful and agreeable surroundings, outdoor sports, and indoor entertainments. Paramount photo plays. Rooms with bath. Open fires, electric lights. Outdoor bathing. Glorious sunsets. Terms $15 up. Beautiful illustrated booklet. W. J. SOPER & SONS.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis
31st Street & Fifth Avenue
New York

Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

Room and bath $4.50 per day with meals, or $2.50 per day without meals.

Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

PENNSYLVANIA

Eagles Mere Park, Pa.
The Forest Inn. On beautiful mountain lake. Bracing mountain air, pure water, fine boating and bathing, miles of mountain trails, a most attractive golf course, good automobile roads and garage. The Inn is entirely modern, with broad piazzas overlooking the lake. *Electric lights and steam heat.* Large dancing floor and daily orchestral concerts. Desirable furnished cottages, with meals at the Inn, can be rented for month or season. For rates address Herman V. Yeager, Eagles Mere Park, Pa.

Glen Garriff, Mt. Pocono, Pa.
Special rates for June and September.
SUSAN T. CARSWELL

RHODE ISLAND

The Leading Hotel of
Block Island, Rhode Island
C. C. BALL, Proprietor

Vaill Cottages, Block Island, R. I. "A Summer at Sea." Surf bathing, golf and tennis on the premises. Dancing. Salt and fresh water fishing. Tuna, swordfish, bluefish, bass, etc. Delightful sea air. Never hot. Boats daily. *Children benefitted. Hay fever relieved.* Refined patrons. Booklet. Vaill Cottage Community, Inc., Block Island, R. I.

Jamestown, Narragansett Bay
Opposite Newport, R. I.
Thorndyke Hotel opens June 1. Furnished cottages equipped with all improvements. Booklets. P. H. HORGAN, Propr.

Hotels and Resorts

VERMONT

CHESTER, VT. "The Maples." Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. The MISSES SARGEANT.

"The Dorms," Poultney, Vt.
Three modern buildings with all improvements, located in beautiful village in Green *Mts. Fresh milk*, fruits, and vegetables from farm. Attractive walks and drives. Mountain climbing. Box O, Poultney, Vt.

Health Resorts

LINDEN Doylestown, Pa. **The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well** An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Mrs. Ford's Home for TUBERCULOUS PATIENTS. Private baths and sleeping porches. Rates $20 to $30 weekly. Booklet. WILKINSON HOUSE, Liberty, N. Y.

IDYLEASE INN
Newfoundland, New Jersey
A quiet, restful health resort among the hills of northern New Jersey. Large sunny porch; dry, exhilarating air. All forms of hydrotherapy and massage under medical supervision. Believing that there is a curable physical basis for most chronic ailments, we seek the underlying cause through a scientific study of each individual case. Booklet sent on application.

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium
A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

Apartments

Apartment. Lex. Ave., near 70th St., N. Y. C., to sublet until Oct. Lease may be continued. 7 rooms and bath. All outside rooms, fine outlook, second floor. $90. Apply 954 Lex. Ave.

Country Board

COUNTRY BOARD WANTED by man and wife on a farm where no other guests are taken. Mountains preferred. If right place, will remain two or three months. Write to 3,736, Outlook.

COUNTRY BOARD
Beautifully situated vacation home in northern Pennsylvania. 623, Outlook.

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

FOR RENT in **MADISON, CONN. SUMMER HOME** on Boston Post Road, on breezy hill top. Fireplaces, sleeping-porch, 3 baths. $1,000 for season. Apply to Owner of Oak Hill, Madison, Conn.

New London on the Sound
For sale or rent, large house, near bathing beach, casino, and trolley. Garage. 9 acres. Beautiful trees. On finest avenue in city, commanding most extensive view of Long Island Sound.

Noank, Conn.
For sale, an artist's home. Nice garden, waterfront and wharf. One acre. House contains 12 rooms. Electricity. Artesian well. Formerly the H. W. Ranger residence. W. S. CHAPPELL, 79 Green St., New London, Conn.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED
"The Sumacs," Washington, Ct. Nestles on a southern slope; extended view down a beautiful wooded valley. 13 rooms, upstairs sitting-room. 7 acres, garage, town water, reasonable rent. Address GIBSON, Room 322, 56 Wall St., N. Y. City.

MAINE

"DRIFTWOOD"
offered FOR SALE
This successful hotel property is fully equipped. Location Bailey Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Accommodates forty-five guests. For terms address
J. F. GULLIVER, Bailey Island, Me.

FOR SALE
FINE OLD COLONIAL HOME
in BUCKSPORT, MAINE
10 large rooms and bath, electric lights, furnace, fireplace. Nearly all hardwood floors. Recently put in perfect repair. Large shed with garage, room for four cars. About 15,000 square feet of land. Beautiful elm trees. Convenient to everything. The place is worth *$9,000. I am offering for only $5,000. Or will* rent, finely furnished, for $400 for the season. Send for leaflet. A. D. GILLEY, Owner,
31 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

North Haven, Maine Cottages for Season. Fronting Fox Island Thoroughfare. Safe boating, pool bathing, and fine golf links. I have real estate for sale. NELSON MULLIN, North Haven, Maine.

Real Estate

MAINE

MOOSEHEAD LAKE, MAINE

Camp Caribou

Summer cottage on lake shore, facing mountains; large, fully furnished, seven chambers, hot and cold water, spring water, bathing. Through Pullmans to lake. Trout, salmon and togue. Daily mail. Rental $600, includes ice, fuel and complete equipment. For references, photographs and particulars address F. S. Snyder, 55 Blackstone St., Boston, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS

Wanted—Summer occupants for a house in the hills of western Mass., at Cummington, Mass.; farm, all modern conveniences. everything furnished; garage, stables; ½ mile from William Cullen Bryant Homestead. Address F. L. Rogers, 193 Warren Ave., Boston, Mass.

NANTUCKET, MASS. Furnished Cottage. Ocean front. 6 large rooms, piazza, fireplace. Fine bathing. $200 season. Inquire Room 1005, 20 E. 27th St., N. Y. C.

Hunting and fishing preserve. For sale, about 1,000 acres in Northwestern Massachusetts, 3 hours from Boston, 2 from Albany. 100-acre lake, stocked, black bass, perch. Game, all kinds, posted 5 years. Timber will pay 10% on investment. Several buildings. $15,000. Frank P. Crouch, Rochester, N. Y.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Pardridge Lake, N. H. **To Let** Charming furnished cottage. Fireplace, piano, porches, boat. Address Bonnie Haven, Geneva, Ills.

TO RENT
FURNISHED BUNGALOW

Six rooms and bath. Altitude 1,300 feet. 3½ miles from Peterborough, N. H. Lovely scenery, fine air, rent reasonable. Apply to John W. Allen, Farover Farm, Peterborough, N. H.

SUGAR HILL, N. H. Season 1919. Attractive furnished cottage near Sunset Hill House, 10 rooms, bath, 2 lavatories, open fireplaces, electric lights, garage. Golf, tennis, etc. Housekeeping or not, as desired. Apply to J. B. HARDON, 87 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

NEW YORK

Adirondack Camps and Cottages

FOR RENT or FOR SALE at

Saranac Lake, Paul Smiths, Lake Placid

in fact, in any part of the Adirondacks. Tell us the size and location you desire. Address

W. F. ROBERTS, Real Estate Office,
Saranac Lake, N. Y.

TO LET, IN THE CATSKILLS Small farmhouse, furnished, for the season. Also fine large residence in Warwick, N. Y. G. F. PITTS.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Shore front camp in the pines for rent furnished. Finest section of lake. Magnificent lake and mountain view from porch. Sand beach for children. For floor plan and photographs address C. H. EASTON, Scarborough, N. Y.

For rent in July, a BUNGALOW on LAKE CHAMPLAIN. Address inquiries to Miss ELSIE DAVIES, 10716 Deering Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Cottages for rent on Lake George. Golf, tennis, boating, bathing, fishing. Furnished complete. Near Glenburnie Inn. E. B. Walton, Glenburnie-on-Lake George, N. Y.

LAKE GEORGE Cottage for rent, furnished, July and August. 5 rooms, piazzas, sleeping porch; rowboat, golf, ice. Prof. F. Pedersen, 452 W. 144th St., New York.

Real Estate

NEW YORK

LAKE GEORGE Attractive 9-room **bungalow** to rent furnished, wide piazzas, stone fireplaces, running spring water, ice, rowboat. Reasonable. Kitchel, 452 West 144th St., New York.

SHELTER ISLAND

FOR SALE

Property on the main road, just beyond east of center, known as the Clyde house, with 15½ acres, including two corner plots, tenant house, etc. Excellent opportunity for three building sites. Fine shade trees. For particulars address

RALPH G. DUVALL
Shelter Island Heights, N. Y.

FOR SALE, LAKE PROPERTY. Orange Co., N. Y. Beautiful and profitable estate of 200 acres. 12-acre lake, good buildings, motor highway. 75 miles to N. Y. City. Fine for summer home, country club, or summer colony. Box 121, Westtown, N. Y.

NEW YORK CITY

ATTRACTIVE STUCCO

TWO FAMILY, Fourteen Room Dwelling. Nice residential section, suburbs of New York City. Half hour Grand Central; also near subway. Hot water heat, gas, etc. Plot 50 x 100. Garages. Price $9,500. Full particulars from owner, 9,815, Outlook.

PENNSYLVANIA

FOR RENT

Large well-planned cottage, overlooking beautiful mountain scenery and golf course at Pocono Manor (a hotel and cottage colony), one and a half miles from Pocono Summit station on the D. L. & W. R. R., one hundred miles from New York. Completely furnished for housekeeping, except table and bed linen. Living and dining rooms, porches and kitchen. Seven master's bedrooms (four with running water), two sleeping porches, three baths and two showers. Two maids' rooms and bath. Chauffeur's room and bath. Garage for two cars. Pure spring water, electric lights, telephone, hot water heating system, five open fireplaces, trunk elevator and laundry. For further particulars apply to
Edwin A. Hoopes, Agt., Pocono Manor, Pa.

VERMONT

FOR SALE—House and grounds in secluded, restful spot. Any one desiring home of comfort with beautiful surroundings will find it here. 651, Outlook.

VIRGINIA

NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA

FOR SALE

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY PLACE

in the mountains of Virginia, located 2 miles from the Natural Bridge and 3½ miles from R.R. station with two railroads, only a night's run from New York. Two story brick house with wide porches, bearing orchard, beautiful view. Macadam road. For particulars apply to H. B. Baker, 105 W. Grace St., Richmond, Va.

FOR THE HOME

VEGETABLES, fruits, home grown, home canned in glass. Choicest possible product. Alma Hibbard, Gansevoort, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

WANTED—Physician, also councilors, for boys' camp, Maine. Box 79, Station L, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

RAILWAY traffic inspector, $110 a month to start and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three months' home study. Situation arranged. Prepare for permanent position. Write for booklet CM27 Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED — Christian woman, part-time service, small East Side church, summer months until October. Willing to call and build up younger classes Bible school. Some knowledge music desired. Pleasing personality, tact necessary. Age 20 to 30. Resident New York City preferred. Compensation $30 monthly. Address, giving references, 7,030, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPANION for girl eighteen; Protestant, speaking French; $100 month. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers, dietitians. Hopkins' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Avenue.

BERKSHIRES. Lady in attractive bungalow offers room and board to refined, useful companion for vacation. Miss R. N. Hornor, 3716 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NURSERY GOVERNESS OR HOUSEKEEPER who is able and willing to share work in family with two children; pleasant home; good wages; Protestant family; Pelham Manor. 7,043, Outlook.

WANTED — Refined, capable woman for housekeeper in settlement house, New York City. 7,047, Outlook.

LADY, American, Protestant, as companion-helper to elderly lady who has suffered slight stroke and is alone in attractive home in Glen Ridge, N. J., where one maid is kept. Applicants please furnish references and state salary desired. 7,048, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESS WITH HOME RESPONSIBILITY for motherless Protestant girl of eight who would be under your constant supervision and boy of twelve during time home from boarding-school. Must be well educated, experienced in directing and teaching children, good disposition, strong and healthy, neat appearance, of unquestioned character, about 30 to 35 years of age, practical, sensible, and quiet. In letter state age, whether ever married, college graduated from; how extensive your knowledge of French and music; church affiliation. Home is situated in New York, but interview will be arranged for selected applicants. 7,046, Outlook.

GOVERNESSES, cafeteria managers, dietitians, matrons, housekeepers. Miss Richards, Box 5, East Side Station, Providence, R. I.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

IF available for teaching positions anywhere in United States or foreign countries, write Ernest Olp, Steger Building, Chicago.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

MAJOR INFANTRY — DISCHARGED. Former Commandant "Honor School," 9 years' experience educational institutions, Battalion Commander 19 months, Regimental Commander 3 months. Wishes place in first-class school or business where energy, enthusiasm, loyalty, and ability are required. 7,003, Outlook.

Business Situations

CHAUFFEUR and PRIVATE SECRETARY for summer. Dartmouth student offers four years' experience in motor driving and in stenography and typewriting. Excellent references. Adequate compensation expected. D. McQuiston, Hanover, N. H.

I'M YOUR MAN. College training, honorable discharge from Officers' Training Camp, athletic, ambitious, and well recommended. WHAT'S YOUR OPENING? 7,021, Outlook.

YOUNG college man, earning expenses, June 15 to September 15. Understands caring for mountain camp; can row, run motor boat, drive car. Willing, obliging. References. A. L. Powell, 113 S. Atherton St., State College, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

YOUNG WOMAN, graduate bookkeeper, good sewer, efficient houseworker, wants position in home or institution. Burd School, 63d and Market Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

TWO college graduates desire position together as cafeteria director. Can take charge middle July. References. 7,026, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Position as companion or housekeeper overseer by refined, intelligent lady. 6,995, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate desires summer position as secretary or companion. Will travel. Experienced stenographer. 7,038, Outlook.

LADY wishes position hotel manager for reliable company. Experienced hostess and housekeeper. 7,036, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as companion to elderly lady. Willing to assist with housework and used to nursing. 7,044, Outlook.

PRESENT hospital dietitian wants position as house director with summer hotel, camp, or educational institution. 7,040, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

YALE junior desires summer position tutoring young boy. Previous experience. References. 7,022, Outlook.

YOUNG graduate of French university, veteran of the Great War, desires position for the summer tutoring in private family. Speaks English. Address Yves Houdayer, 4 Rue Malfilâtre, Caen, Calvados, France.

YOUNG woman, college instructor, desiring experience in school management, wishes executive or teaching position in private school. 7,025, Outlook.

SECONDARY male teacher who also understands automobile desires summer position. 7,028, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl desires position as governess or companion during summer. 6,990, Outlook.

MANUAL training, drawing, athletic instructor, also concert and recital tenor, desires position as camp councilor, tutor, or at summer resort. College graduate. 7,039, Outlook.

POSITION in girls' camp or in family in summer home by college woman, high school teacher. English, nature study, dramatics. 7,037, Outlook.

SUCCESSFUL teacher desires summer position as tutor or companion. She would travel. Excellent references. 7,031, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, school teacher, primary grade, desires position with family going to mountains or seashore for months of July and August, as governess or children's companion. 7,041, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in nursing. Frances Parker Memorial Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send anything on approval; services free. References. 309 W. 99th Street.

WANTED—Young women to take training as baby nurses at Orange Orphan Home. Salary while training, good position guaranteed on graduating. Apply 197 Harrison St., East Orange, N. J.

WANTED.—Thanks to those that would help an old man 74, crippled, and wants to go to an old people's home, would be appreciated. $675 would be sufficient with $325 I now have. Address 7,029, Outlook.

LADY, traveled, experienced with children, would take into her delightful country home few girls, age about 12. Forty acres, riding, etc., fine air, spring water, trained nurse and assistant. Hour New York. $25 weekly. Highest references exchanged. 7,035, Outlook.

FOR adoption: two little girls, aged ten and twelve, full orphans, excellent history. Father Methodist clergyman, children bright, capable. Also two boys, aged four and five, orphans, parents Italian. Apply, giving full references, to Miss C. S. Baker, 26 West 55th St., New York City.

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Hinds
HONEY AND ALMOND
Cream

After the Razor

Apply Hinds Cream to bring that refined appearance and cool, comfortable feeling by quickly overcoming irritation due to close shaving, soap or hard water. Its use makes the skin naturally soft and smooth, hence less susceptible to the roughening effect of wind, sun or razor. The new non-leakable cap makes the bottle ideal for travelers and vacationists.

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c.; Trial Size 15c. Attractive Week-end Box 50c.

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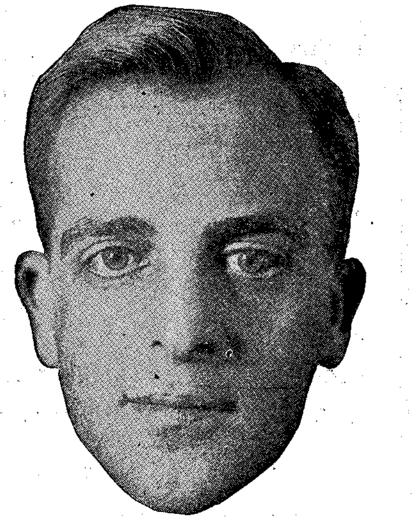
Are You a Blonde?

The Secret of Making People Like You



THE greatest asset any man can possibly have is the faculty for making people like him. It is even more important than ability.

The secret of making people like you lies in your ability to understand the emotional and mental characteristics of the people you meet.

Did you know that a blonde has an entirely different temperament than a brunette?—that to get along with a blonde type you must act entirely different than you would to get along with a brunette?

When you really know the difference between blondes and brunettes, the difference in their characters, temperaments, abilities and peculiar traits you will save yourself many a mistake—and you will incidentally learn much you never knew before about yourself.

* * * * *

PAUL GRAHAM was a blonde, and not until he learned that there was all the difference in the world between the characteristics of a blonde and those of a brunette did he discover the secret of making people like him.

Paul had been keeping books for years for a large corporation which had branches all over the country. It was generally thought by his associates that he would never rise above that job. He had a tremendous ability with figures—could wind them around his little finger—but he did *not* have the ability to mix with big men; did *not* know how to make people like him.

Then one day the impossible happened. Paul Graham became popular.

Business men of importance who had formerly given him only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for his friendship. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for him. Even *he* was astounded at his new power over men and women. Not only could he get them to do what he wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated his wishes and seemed eager to please him.

From the day the change took place he began to go up in business. Now he is the Head Auditor for his corporation at an immense increase in salary. And all this came to him simply because he learned the secret of making people like him.

You too, can have the power of making people like you. For by the same method used by Paul Graham, you can, at a glance, tell the characteristics of any man, woman or child—tell instantly their likes and dislikes, and YOU CAN MAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU. Here is how it is done.

Everyone you know can be placed in one of two general types—blonde or brunette. There is as big a difference between the mental and emotional characteristics of a blonde and those of a brunette as there is between night and day. You persuade a blonde in one way—a brunette in another. Blondes enjoy one phase of life—brunettes another. Blondes make good in one kind of a job—brunettes in one entirely different.

To know these differences scientifically is the first step in judging men and women; in getting on well with them; in mastering their minds; in making them like you; in winning their respect, admiration, love and friendship.

And when you have learned these differences—when you can tell at a glance just what to do and say to make any man or woman like you, your success in life is assured.

For example, there's the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. Harry Winslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout he pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then, that factory has led all the others for production. He was able to do this, because he knew how to make these men like him and do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peters. Because of his ability to make people like him—his faculty for "getting under the skin" and making people think his way, he was given the position of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well-liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the outside man, Peters, came in, he was looked upon by everyone as an interloper and was openly disliked by every other person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But in spite of that, in three weeks he had made fast friends of everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make himself well liked.

A woman who had this ability moved with her family to another town. As is often the case, it is a very difficult thing for any woman to break into the chill circle of society in this town, if she was not known. But her ability to make people like her soon won for her the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Some people wonder how she did it. It was simply the secret at work—the secret of judging people's character and making them like you.

* * * * *

YOU realize, of course, that just knowing the difference between a blonde and a brunette could not accomplish all these wonderful things. There are other things to be taken into account. But here is the whole secret.

You know that everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. What pleases one offends another. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant "hit" with anyone, if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you and believe in you and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. In addition to the difference in complexion, every man, woman and child has written on them signs as distinct as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe what you want them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

In knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advantage. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you.

You have heard of Dr. Blackford, the Master Character Analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker-Vawter Company; Scott Paper Company and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

So great was the demand for these services that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill all the engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in a simple, seven-lesson course, entitled, "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half hour's reading of this wonderful course will give you an insight into human nature and a power over people which will surprise you.

Such confidence have the publishers in Dr. Blackford's course, "Reading Character at Sight," that they will gladly send it to you on approval, all charges prepaid. Look it over thoroughly. See if it lives up to all the claims made for it. If you do not want to keep it, then return it and the transaction is closed. And if you decide to keep it—as you surely will—then merely remit five dollars in full payment.

Remember, you take no risk, you assume no obligation. The entire course goes to you on approval. You have everything to gain—nothing to lose. So mail the coupon NOW, and learn how to make people like you, while this remarkable offer is still open.

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